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THE VISION OF JOHN THE WATCHMAN.

WHEN the stars are shining on a December night, and that night is the last of the year that runs from Christmas to Christmas, then is the time for new thoughts to be born ; every thing is transparent, every thing that sounds has a clear ring to it. One looks over the country, and the trees seem watching for what the gray dawn may reveal to the world ; and if one must walk down city streets, there, too, the very houses stand higher, as if to hear what may be sounding above ; and the church spires listen to catch the first note. As twelve o'clock comes on, the stillness deepens ; every click upon the pavement sounds like the beating of a stony heart. What will come ? what will be seen and heard when the new year begins on Christmas Day ?

The top of Trinity spire would seem to be the best place for a watchman at such a time. From that dizzy height, he could peer off over the water, or over the land, following the lines of twinkling lights below, or up into the sky, ready for the first breath of sound or glimpse of heavenly sight ; and then from that perch he could make his voice dart down and into the belfry, and down by other voices, till glad hands should pull at the chiming bells, to summon all who might be listening and waiting and watching, on Christmas Eve.

But on one memorable Christmas Eve, memorable for our John the Watchman, there was no one thus lifted up above the common streets, or who can say what good news might have been sounded over the city ? and yet — would he have seen what John saw ? Now, John was a watchman — that was his business. Every night when

the gas was lighted, John put on his great watch-coat, pulled his cap well on, kissed the children and Mary his wife, and with a stout brown paper parcel in his pocket, which Mary had stowed there, set off for Church Street, to keep watch over a great warehouse.

How much money there was in that warehouse ! not in gold, and silver, and copper, but in stone, which rose, storey above storey, up toward the sky ; and inside, in cloth, and wonderful fabrics of every kind. All day long, scores of clerks went about in it, selling goods ; or sat and stood, silently pinned to desks, like dead butterflies all in a row, as they added up columns of figures, till their heads ached, and found out every day how much money the warehouse was worth ; and every day, gray-haired, sharp-eyed old gentlemen sat where they could see the row of butterflies, and looked over their shoulders, and found out how much they owned, — for they owned the warehouse ; and then when the gas out-of-doors was lighted, they took the pins out, and the butterfly clerks went home, and the old gentlemen went home, and the porter locked all the doors, and he went home ; and then John came and he stayed, — till the porter came back next morning.

The first thing John the Watchman always did, was to go round to all the doors, and try them, take hold of the handles, and pull and rattle them ; and Peter the Inside Watchman — for there was one inside and one out — Peter would hear it, and say to himself, — “ Good ! there’s John : all right ! ” Then when John had tried all the doors, he looked at the windows, to see if

they were fastened; and he poked his stick into all the gratings, but that was only because it seemed a safe thing to do, for what could happen about a grating that a stick could poke into? Then he settled into his great-coat, felt of the bundle in his pocket, and now he was all right for the night, and he began to walk up and down, down and up, round the square, back and forth, always changing his course, so as to turn up unexpectedly everywhere, and be always on the spot, should any one be so bold as to try a door with a false key, or think to take out a light of glass. A quick robber he would be, who came round the corner and did not find John the Watchman at that post.

Now, on this night, John settled himself as usual into his shaggy coat, and began his steady beat over the flagging. There was no snow on the ground. It was a clear, cold night; the bright stars were shining in the heavens, which spanned the earth with a pure blue arch; blue indeed, this night, as any one could see who looked up. The air was still, and every sound that stirred came sharp upon the ear. Broadway, not far off, seemed to be a procession of sounds of every sort and kind, while just about John's walk, it was long before the street was clear, — so many people went briskly by, and carts and omnibuses clattered past. It was a lively evening, and John watched the sights about him, and wondered and wondered, — what this one had in his basket — how many children that old gentleman had — whether he had any thing in his pockets for them. You see John's mind rather ran upon children. He had two, twins, a girl and a boy, John and Mary, just his own and wife's names, so they were called Little John and Mary Little. It is hard to get away from these twins, now that we have begun to talk about them; but we must: we have nothing to do with them to-night, except as we look into our John's — John the Big's — mind, for in that mind are stowed the twins. They are safe in bed now at home, and safe in John's mind at the same time. But it is extraordinary how fast they grow! Now, children grow when they sleep, every one knows that; and while the twins, just a year old, are laid in their little bed, Mary is watching them, and John the Watchman is watching them in his mind, off by the warehouse. As they look steadily at them, how fast they grow! It is only eight o'clock now, and John is seeing in his mind's eye — for that is what looks on in the mind — John is seeing a great John and Mary; a stout young man, who has grown up in three hours, like Jack of the bean-stalk; a

wonderful young man, who has been at college, and knows so much — dear me! John the Watchman begins to wonder whether son John will not think his father dreadfully ignorant, and a foolish old man. And he sees Mary, now Mary the Tall, a fair young woman, as beautiful as her mother, moving about so gracefully, that the old house looks very homely for so charming a maid to live in; and John sighs to himself, and then starts with a laugh, and in a twinkling, John the Wise and Mary the Tall are back in their cradle again, with their thumbs in their mouths. They have been growing just in the same way, as Mary looks at them.

The passers in the street gradually were fewer and fewer: the changing noises in Broadway died down; the lights, except in the street lamps, disappeared one by one, and still John kept his pacing by the great warehouse. He looked up now and then at the windows of the hospital which stood near by. He often looked there, and tried to fancy what the people behind were doing. He would see forms pass and repass, get up and sit down, and he knew that behind those stone and brick walls there were many poor sufferers, who tossed restlessly through the night, and wished that morning would come, — morning, that brought nothing but a change of pain. He could see a light in one of the windows now. There were people moving about in the room, slowly, and it seemed to him very gently. He saw a woman pour out a draught by the light, and carry it — to the sufferer on the bed, he did not doubt; and John fell to thinking how many people there must be, rich and poor, who were sick that night, and he was well and walking about. John was a simple sort of a man. When he thought of this, he looked up for a moment, and thanked God that he was well. Then he began to think about Little John and Mary Little. What if they should be taken sick, and this very night! and he went on and prayed to God to take care of John and Mary.

Click! click! click! a sharp tap three times on the sidewalk. The same sound again. John the Watchman knew what it meant. He must stay at his post, but all about came hurrying the city watchmen, with their clubs in their hands. He heard a noise, cries, terrible words, sharp blows. It was confusion; but he knew that there, down the street, a fight was going on. Presently a squad of men came up the street, dragging a fierce ragged man, who gesticulated and shouted; behind, came shortly another body of men, bearing on their shoulders a wounded man, while an angry, cowardly gang of men, women, and boys

hung about, or turned and fled, when it seemed as if they would be pursued. Tramp, tramp they went, past John the Watchman.

"What is it?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Stabbing!" said one of the men, and on they went, the wild man screaming, the wounded man groaning, as he was borne painfully along.

John trembled as they left him. He could not help it; he was not a coward, — let any one try the warehouse and see! but John had just been thinking about Little John and Mary Little. He thought of them again, and shuddered. He seemed to see them in that crowd. He looked up at the warehouse. It was bolted and secured at every point. There was money, he knew, behind those stone and iron walls. He was set there to watch, because wicked men there were who would risk life to rob the warehouse. He heard the screaming man, whom the officers could not quiet, as they dragged him along, and of a sudden it seemed to him that the city was full of wicked men and women. And this was Christmas Eve, and how long it was since He had come to save the world. More than eighteen hundred years, and was this all? How could he, with his fatherly heart, keep Little John and Mary Little from ending like this? John was a simple man; he prayed to God to keep the children from sin. Let them be sick and suffer, if need be, he said, but keep them from sin.

John looked earnestly up and around. He saw the bolted warehouse. There was all that money; and yet people, if they could go in and take it all, would not be made righteous by that. There was the hospital. Good people built it and watched in it; but they could not keep their own children from sickness. And John whispered to himself, — No! they could not keep their own children from sin. There stood the dim outline of a church. People could go in and out: did that keep them right?

Poor John began to be dizzy, as he thought of these things. "Why, what can keep us right?" he cried aloud. "God is so far off. He sees us and hears us, but we can't see Him. How can I be sure that Little John and Mary Little will be right, and keep right?" and he saw the twinkling stars, and the clear blue sky, and the thought rushed over him, — Only the pure in heart shall see God.

"Lord God!" he cried. "How long? how long!"

Did the blue sky open? was there a movement among the stars? John the Watchman, resting for a moment from his tramp, leaning against the

warehouse door, heard no sound, and the street and hospital were there still; and yet, in the street, above it, in heaven or on earth, who could tell? he saw the form of One like the Son of Man. He did not fear to look upon Him, for every line in that face and form drew his eyes. He saw Him pass, and touch a poor man bending over a heap of garbage, who looked up into His face, and straightway caught, in faint resemblance, the same look, and John for one moment glanced at the rag-picker with the changed face. But back he turned to the One, who passed now over the threshold of a church. He saw Him enter. He saw the bowed heads of the multitude; and when they looked up, though He was gone, their faces gave back a little of the kindling glory. Once more he saw Him lift the latch of a humble house, and enter there. Oh joy! it was John's own house. There sat Mary, bending over the sleeping babes. He saw Him look upon the mother, and then upon the children. Did He smile? from the little faces came a smile. There was no solitude when He was gone; He took away no blessing with Him. Down through dark streets John saw Him pass, lighting the way as He moved. Men, and women, and children gathered around Him. Alas! for those who shut their eyes, and turned again to slumber. Did they know that He was there? Yet He left a light in the place, — He left faces of holiness. Ever and ever John saw Him pass and re-pass; brighter and brighter shone the light about Him. The city's hum sounded, yet He did not go; there was a vast moving, hither and thither, of busy men and women; the streets of the city were full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof; and yet, go where they would, their eyes were still turned upon Him. He went where each went; they were walking beside Him.

Was this heaven? was this earth? John the Watchman looked through it all, and, as his eyes peered more steadily, solid shapes held them. A light moved in a casement, forms flitted back and forth. He was aware of familiar objects. The hospital was before him. He stood firmly upon the sidewalk, and looked anxiously at the lighted window. There he had seen the ministering woman, and felt the sick man to be. Now he could see plainly that there were several in the room. He saw them kneel by the bedside.

"It is his last moment," said John to himself. They knelt, and then all rose but one, — the woman, — and she kept her place.

"Lord Jesus, receive his spirit," murmured John.

Hark! on the kneeling woman, and on John the Watchman murmuring his prayer, struck the sound of chiming bells.

Still here! still here! they joyfully rang. Lo, He cometh! In clouds, in clouds!

Louder and louder pealed the bells, while full

in John the Watchman's heart sounded the glad tidings, — He is the life of the world. Men shall look upon Him, and live. The Jesus Christ of Galilee and Jewry, — He that was lifted up, — He would draw all men unto Him.

Christmas morning had risen.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

CHAPTER XVI.

NURSED BY A CLOWN.

It was in a moderately large, uncarpeted, and uncurtained back room, on the floor over a grocery store, in a side street of the city of Richmond, that Hudson was lying ill and asleep one night, whilst two men sat at a further side of the chamber, talking in a low voice, so as not to disturb their charge. The room was clean and orderly. A small fire burned in a grate. A clown's dress was thrown over the back of a chair, on the seat of which a very shaggy poodle dog slept. The men sat at a plain, small wooden table, on which there was a bottle, a plate of cold meat and bread, and a lamp, whose light was shaded from the slumberer, by a large book stood upright beside it. One of the men was Bull, looking rougher and older than when we used to see him a few years ago at the quarry, or later, on the occasion of his visit to Hudson at the Island; but the half smile, of mixed scorn and recklessness and good nature, yet flitted constantly about his handsome, bold face. He was talking, in as low voice as he could command, — a rough rumble, — to Rolly Gay, so known to circus goers, and in his profession, but bearing, as his rightful name, that of Roland Gaston. Who could readily believe that this haggard, sad, thoughtful face was the same — less the paint — as that one we have seen in the ring, ridiculously distorted with comical expressions, wry or mirthful, the delight of every funny soul, old or young, in the circus, — an undignified, jolly, vulgar merry-andrew, rejoicing in broad fun and practical jokes? But as Rolly Gay lays aside the slashed and striped tights, the paint, and pointed hat of each sawdust night, for the rather slouchy and seedy cloth he now wears, he passes into that nature which will be his until half-past seven of another night, that of a timid, lonely, dejected man, whose ambition and hopes are dead. Poor Roland Gaston,

friendless among all his familiar, easy fellows of the circus, without their pleasures or vices, except that of drink, to lighten his sadness, and doing what little of good fell in his way to do, by helping now and then — his only companionship in the world — a poor stranger, beggar, neighbor, or fellow professional; or nursing, as now, the disabled lad Hudson, whom Bull and he had borne to Roland Gaston's lodgings on the night of the accident. He was drinking now, as he and Bull talked, and drinking heavily, but careful, too, not to incapacitate himself for the care of Hudson. He was anxious because of the lad's long pain and fever, and for that cause he drank as he had not before done since he had brought him there. And in this period since the accident, Bull, whom Roland had never seen before, and knew nothing of save his interest in Hudson, and what he may, perhaps, have confided to him in their partnership of nursing, had occupied Roland's room with him, and had helped, in his ready, shrewd, jolly way, to watch and tend the sufferer. This was a help to the clown, who was obliged, of course, to be in the ring from seven and a half to ten and a half every night; and as far as it was possible for him to be sociable with any one, Roland Gaston was now with the burglar Bull.

It was a fortnight and a night since the disaster to Kentucky Hudson; and although Bull and he had recognized one another, and talked a little when the lad was not too weak or wandering, yet Bull had not had the opportunity to say some things to him, — things which he thought of importance to Hudson, and to communicate which he had left his old haunts and business, at Bella's entreaty and command; and, too, in the impulse of his own otherwise lawless, wicked heart, and travelled to Richmond, where he knew the little boy of the quarry days was a circus rider. And now suddenly, the afternoon preceding this night, he had seen parties, or heard reports, in his tracks about the city, which warned him that his liberty

was endangered by a longer stay in Richmond, and he was about to start in the midnight, if he could elude the dangers threatening him, for more congenial localities. So, leaning over to the clown, his elbow on the table, and a hand in his thick, curling brown hair, he hastens, as a neighboring church clock strikes twelve, in his communication to Roland Gaston, — "You think, too — don't you? — that the boy is a gentleman born; and I tell you there is no doubt. Why, when I carried him from the quarry, his dress was as handsome as any boy's you ever saw. Bella knew right off he was one of the upper crust. Well, I told you how that nasty little snip of a pickpocket — he never could reach up more than waistband high in any way, that fellow Thimble Rig — took a gentleman's watch and pocket-book on the steamboat: my eye though, the little devil can get his 'ploma anywhere in that sort of thing; now, that very time, he overheard that gentleman and his daughter talking in a way that satisfied Thimble Rig that there was the actual governor of our boy Hudson, so he told us, hot to get back the little fellow, and then levy on the rich dad for his return; but Bella — what a rum old gal she is — flared up, and pitched into Thimble Rig handsomely. She made him hand over the watch, and told him that if he ever meddled with the boy again, now that he was out of our crib, she would kill him. After that she showed me the watch, and got around me by degrees, to promise her, — just fancy me coming into any charitable, benevolent, returning-lost-boys sort of a Christian, pollywog scheme" — here his chronic smile had a half minute paralysis, that drew up moustache and lip until four of his front teeth were shown: did you ever see a mastiff laugh? Well, they do sometimes, and just in such a way did Bull when wonderfully amused. "However, I guess I, too, have a soft spot for the boy; not quite so soft, though, as Bella; and I never knew her any way but hard — phew! how blasted hard — in every thing else she ever meddled with. Never mind, though; she made me promise to look up the boy, and give him the watch, and tell him what Thimble Rig had told us; so, after a while, when I had some business this way, — for I discovered, somehow, all the youngster's tracks since he left us, — I turned up as I did that night, and, by George, just too late, for never a word of the whole thing have I dared to say yet to the weak, bunged-up lad, and now I must leave it all to you. Somehow, Rolly Gay, or Roland Gaston, — if either of these is really your name — somehow, I am

willing to trust you," — here he stopped a moment, and puffing slowly at the pipe he was smoking, looked steadily into the clown's eyes, which, though timid and hopeless as ever, did not flinch a whit whilst those strong, daring eyes of Bull pierced into them, — "as I said, I am willing to trust you. Here's the watch, — is n't it a stinger? worth three hundred dollars any day; and look you now" — as he said it, he opened the case, and holding it close to the candle, showed Roland the letters engraved inside, — "R. T." "You see, his rightful name, if he only knew it, begins with a T, for, sure as sliding off a log, that's his governor's watch; so, if Hudson had this, he might hunt up the old 'uns; dad apple drat it, I wish I had ever had such luck. Now, mind you, Rolly Gay, you are to give him this, if he ever gets well enough, and tell him what I have told you, — or — or — well, I won't make threats. So, good-by," — here Bull stood up, filled his pipe again, poured out some whiskey, drank it, and thrust out his arm to take Roland Gaston hard by the hand. "Good-by, clown; you are a good fellow, if you are the most wilted cuss out of the ring, that ever I sot my eyes on. No matter; you will do all right by the lad; and if I say that clowns ain't so funny as folks thinks they are, you must swear that burglars ain't so sooty black as papers paint them. All right," — now Bull put a silk cap over his hair, — "all right, my honest fellow," — here he fastened on an iron-gray beard, and a pair of spectacles, — "and good-by, Rolly, boy," with which he limped down the stairs into the street, as if he were seventy years of age at least.

Roland the Clown sat down again as the door closed on Bull, and emptying the bottle, he drank slowly, his hand trembling, and his gaze fixed vacantly on the chair that Bull had occupied. Without turning his eyes to where his circus clothes hung, and his rough poodle was curled up, he said, "Pepin, Pepin, come here!" I think the very funny clown, the very sad, miserable man, was a little bit under the influence of the liquor he had been drinking, but he had not to speak twice. Pepin got up stiffly, jumped from the chair gingerly, got up painfully on Bull's chair, and climbing thence carefully on the table, laid a paw on his master's hand; which had fallen laxly beside the empty bottle, looked away from the face of his master, who was regarding him tenderly, and wagged his tail.

"Pepin," the clown soliloquized, stroking the poodle's head and ears slowly, "do you know that that poor fellow on the bed is a gentleman?"

Do you know what a gentleman is, eh? You think I am not, do you? Well, I am not,—that's true enough,—but only Rolly Gay, clown, at seventy dollars a month; but, my little fellow, strange as it may be, I was born a gentleman. Yes, sir,—born a gentleman, as much as you were born a poodle. You, to be sure, have your coat to prove that, and I have n't a thing. Did you hear, Pepin, that big fellow—that bloody burglar—say he'd trust me to give that gold watch there to the lad we are nursing. Well, he was n't wrong there, was he, boy? If I am a

poor painted fool, half my life making low fun for a crowd of everybody's, you have never known me tell a lie, or take an advantage of any man, or do any dirty thing, have you? say, boy,—speak up now." Whether he stroked the dog too roughly just then, or whether the little brute really understood him or not, I can't say; but at any rate, he did speak out with a small, whining bark, that expressed sympathy, and said "No," very plainly. "Good fellow, my little friend, my only friend, let me tell you that my father was Major Roland Gaston, of the Queen's Dragoons,—a fine



gentleman was he to be sure,—his father a nobleman, and he—the—the—well, I won't swear to you; but he was a scamp and a villain, and his own son says it. I had a little sister Issy; and soon after she was born, that selfish wretch the gentleman, my father, killed my mother by his negligence and cruelty; and then he was arrested for debt, and got off, to take us to Australia, and die there a week after we landed,—to die with delirium tremens, and leave us two alone, and without a cent, in a half-savage country, where we had n't a friend. Lord! how we grew up,—that little girl and I,—sweeping streets, holding horses, learning nothing but wickedness; but Issy was so pretty and smart, she got ahead of me, and above me, in a few years, when I was only a

jockey. She was five years younger than me, and her good fortune was mighty bad fortune, for when she was seventeen, a black-hearted Colony gambler took her off, and I would hate to hear what has become of her since. Poor Issy! Pepin, where do you think she is now?" Roland Gaston gripped the animal pretty hard in his nervous clutch, and looked at him imploringly, and as if he demanded an answer. "Pepin, Pepin, do you think she is dead or starving,—do you think she is as bad as the man who took her away,—is she in prison? Where do you suppose that little sister of mine is? But you can't tell, and I said I would hate to know it." Here the broken down man heaved a sob, and dropped his face on the table. The dog uttered a low howl, and com-

passionately licked his master's hand. Then the master went on with a groan, — "I suppose there was never any good in me, anyhow, for I remained a jockey, — sometimes that, sometimes working for a Bushman, driving cattle. Then I went with the theatre, then the circus, and came to this country; and here I am a low clown, with no heart in me, fifty-three years old, and without a friend but you, Pepin, poor Pepin." The piece of candle had burned out, and with his head on the table, and his arms about the dog, Roland Gaston slept.

At times, as the night went on, you might have heard, beside the heavy breathing of the sleeping man, the tossings and feverish exclamations of Hudson in his uneasy sleep, — "Aunt Bella, don't go near that horse." "Nonsense! as if I believed you and Bull were thieves." "Whoa! sir, come down! Steady now, boy!" "Thank you, Rolly, — how kind you are!" "Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be — Look out, Colonel Roxly; look out." "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is" — "Thy will be done." "I'll find you yet, mother — Daisy — moth" — And so his disturbed thoughts came out of his dreams. Every time he spoke, Pepin started uneasily, and made an anxious noise, yet he would not wake his master.

Reader, do you guess that "Bella," of the burglar's gang, — "Aunt Bella," as Hudson once used to call her, — and "Issy," the sister whose fate was a sad mystery to Roland Gaston, the clown, were both the familiar abbreviations of Isabella, — Isabella Gaston, Major Gaston's daughter, — Isabella, the abandoned woman, the consort of thieves?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PAST REGAINED.

BEFORE the morning light shone in the clown's lodgings, Hudson's sufferings had taken the form of brain fever. Roland Gaston slept in the position we left him, until Pepin's continued whine, close to his ear, woke him. "What's the matter, Pepin? can't you let a fellow" — But he heard the heavy moan from the bed, and jumped up to look at his charge. The faint, mournful light of very early morning was striving to take the place of the blackness that had rested in the room for hours. The fire had died out. The place was chilly. Roland Gaston found Hudson with his eyes wide open, gazing senselessly at him, at the bed-posts, at the walls and the ceiling, whilst he moaned aloud, and plucked at the bed-

clothes with wild fingers. "My God!" said Gaston aloud, "is he dying? what shall I do?" and the poodle came and jumped up on the foot of the bed, at his master's exclamation. Then he stretched out his neck to look at the sick young man, and lay down like a watch-dog at his post, as if he would say to his master, "Now, run, — run for the doctor, — quick, and I'll watch here." Roland Gaston understood him.

For six nights of the Great American Circus Company's performances, Signor Lafterre had to make all the fun for the audiences, that were but half satisfied with Mr. Thomas Tornadose's apologies for Rolly Gay's continued indisposition, and manifested such ill-humor over their disappointment, that the imported Jester wished he might be exported. During all that time, night and day, Roland Gaston, with such aid as Pepin lent him, watched and nursed his patient. The doctor was there every morning and night, and when, on the sixth afternoon of the attack, Hudson passed from a wild fit of delirium into a deep sleep, and continued at rest until the doctor came, the physician assured Roland Gaston that, if the patient continued to slumber, and awoke from it naturally, and with consciousness, then he was saved. From the moment of the doctor's departure, Roland Gaston — looking older, more haggard, but less hopeless than when he talked with Bull — sat by Hudson's bedside, with the poodle on the coverlid, listening anxiously for every breath that Hudson drew, until his eyes closed, notwithstanding his solicitude; and he dreamed that some one, out of the mazes of his confused visions, said to him, — "Do tell me how I am to get home. Did I fall down here, and am I hurt? I can't move my limbs." He opened his eyes to meet those of Hudson, quiet and intelligent, fixed curiously on his face. "Why Hudson, dear fellow, what do you say?" and Hudson repeated his question.

"No, Hudson, you did not fall down. Don't you remember Hero struck the hurdle, and threw you, and you have been very sick. Now, don't say a word more. Take this spoonful of what the doctor has left, and go to sleep again. We'll have a talk to-morrow."

"Yes, give it to me, or my head will be all confused again," and as he sank gradually into a slumber, which was at first constantly broken by starts and wandering exclamations, he mumbled with pain, — "Oh, what is the matter with me? I am two persons. What does it mean? Rolly — Rolly Gay, I know you: you and I are in this circus, ain't we?" —

"Yes, yes, but no matter now; go to sleep like a good fellow," the clown replied, in a low, soothing, anxious voice.

"I knew you would tell me I was not dreaming — but — oh my, how is it that I am lying in this hole? and — I can't get up when I ought to be hurrying home. Oh, oh! if I could only get — mother and father, and Daisy — What will they think has — Rolly Gay — dream — I'll — sleep" —

Thank God he was asleep again, restless as that sleep was at first, and the clown was crying. Poor fellow! He, too, slept after a time. He was utterly worn out; and when he woke in the morning, — the morning was well advanced, and the sun shone brightly in the room, — he felt Hudson's hand holding his; and when he raised his head from where it had rested on the bedside, he saw Hudson's face with a smile on it.

In a few days afterward, Hudson was moving about the room, and Rolly Gay had resumed his nightly business in the ring. In this time there had been many opportunities for the two to discuss the visit of Bull, and to exchange the confidences of both their lives. And so much as you, reader, know of Hudson's life, and of Roland Gaston's, as much each knew of the other; and one night at this time, when the clown came in from the circus, and woke Hudson, who was asleep in an arm-chair, with Pepin on his knees, the two friends drew near to the fire, and Rolly Gay said, — "And so, Hudson, as soon as you get stronger, you'll be off to search for your parents and sister; and do you really remember, now, since your brain fever, every thing that happened to you before you fell in the mine?"

"Yes, just as clearly as if it were all written out. It came to me first in a confused, frightful sort of way, when I woke up that night, you know, and spoke to you, as you and Pepin watched by my bedside. And the next morning it was all as clear as it is now, and just as if the events before the fall in the mine, had happened only yesterday. That fall must have injured my brain, caused some pressure or stagnation in some part of it, or something of that kind, — of course I don't know how, — and the severity of the blow to my head, when 'Hero' threw me, and the fever that followed, must have cleared away the old trouble, or altered my unfortunate noddle in some way, so that — thank God! — I am all right now."

"How strange! how strange! how strange!" Rolly Gay repeated, over and over again, as he sat listening to his companion, and staring into the

fire, with his head leaning on his hand. "How strange! I never heard the like of it before, — never. And your name is Robby Trulyn, the same as your father's, — those initials in the watch, — 'R. T.' Two lives you have had, — just the same as that, — and now you will have another; go home and be happy. A little gentleman — a burglar's boy — a Randall's Island boy — then on a Kentucky horsering — champion rider in the circus — and last, a gentleman: *that* you were all the time, I believe. I, born a gentleman, — always a rowdy, a clown," — how sadly he said it, — "and nothing but the clown left to me."

"Rolly Gay — Roland Gaston — don't talk so. I have never known you do a thing to be really ashamed of, and I have seen the honest, true-hearted man — if that is not the gentleman, what is? — showing through you always in the year I have known you. Have n't you set me an example, advised me truly and kindly, been my friend, made me respect you — made me love you? I should think so; and who saved my life this time? Now" —

"Pshaw! Hudson, my lad, don't do that any more. I am a broken concern, and can't be patched up; so, none of that glue: it won't put me together again. But look here, does n't it strike you as strange, that a burglar's woman should have nursed you into your *second* life, and that now a clown should nurse you back again to the *first*? From all you have told me of that woman, I can't think her *bad*, — not all bad, at any rate. Bella, eh? you called her. Isabella is a name I don't like to hear much, you know; but I never called it Bella, but 'Issy.' " What a long, sad sigh, he heaved, and then sank into silence, and to staring at the red coals again. And the poor man, studying so mournfully the mysterious pictures in the fire, did not get a gleam of the truth, that the two nurses — the burglar woman and the clown — were children of the same father. Brother and sister joined again, though unconsciously to themselves, by a good deed, were never to meet, or know of one another in this world. Perhaps it were better so. And we will leave Roland Gaston peering hopelessly into the red coals.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RESTORED.

THE next day, Robert Trulyn started for the North. Without writing to those whom he longed

for, — indeed, starting to find them again, as one in some marvelous dream, though he knew it true and without shadow of doubt, — he set off to go to them; and as he had planned it so as fully to realize the blessing vouchsafed him, and to retire, as it were, the string of his life where it had been severed, he had determined to ascend the Hudson to the quarry, and go thence to Dawse's wharf, and home again by the exact route, as well as he might trace it, by which he had gone from it, ten years ago.

The reader understands by this time, how wonderfully Robert Trulyn had been restored, through the effects of his circus accident, to the condition of mind which the fall in Brackden mine had veiled for so many years. A knowledge of the long blotted Past opened clearly, as if pages of his memory, or parts of his brain, had been lost, or hidden almost impenetrably for a period, and then restored or uncovered again. And with this resumption of the old life, the first life, came, too, the child's ardent love for his parents, his sister, and his home.

We know that Robert Trulyn has always been brave, bright, manly, and handsome. We know the rectitude, the religious reliance, which has been his friend and supporter, though roughly assailed, through his dangerous career. And now, the good in him was strengthened and established by the miracle, almost, which God had worked in him to restore him. He was travelling homeward, with the happiness of intense gratitude to the "Father in heaven," who seemed to have given him that prayer in his utmost need, as directly almost, as effectually certainly, for his helper, as the Saviour did first give it to His disciples, and the multitude on the mount.

Arrived at New York, he took the Hudson River cars for Peekskill. There he did not tarry, but going immediately to the wharf, hired a small boat, with a man to row, and started up and across the river. Robert at first only told the man to pull up the river by the west bank: and he had so much to recall and ponder on of the days when the boldness of the scenes he was entering, was a frequent and weird companion, and the history of those days now, as they were set to him in the reality of their very frame-work, seemed the romance of some other life than his, though still his so really, that, lost in his thoughts, he said not a word to his boatman, until, after nearly an hour's row, he heard the man say, — "Just ahead there, is the quarry, sir."

"Yes," Robert answered immediately, "that is where I want to land."

"At the old quarry?" replied the boatman in great surprise: "land at the quarry? at the old burglar den? why, that is a strange place for a New York passenger to want to go. Perhaps you are a painter, sir, for some of them pictur' papers, sir; or may you be writing a story? — No? Well then, there ain't much to see or do there now, for you know the robber house is burned flat. There's nothing left but the stone quarry; and did you hear, sir, that though folks smelled the thing out afore the den took fire, yet they did n't catch one of them, or what's worse, any of their plunder. Hang it, guess the devils burned it themselves — don't you?"

The man kept on rowing all the time he talked, and Robert soon saw only the black, deserted ruins of the quarry house, — the trees that once stood high and thick over and about it, killed and burned of their foliage, to remain bare and gloomy memorials of the crime they had sheltered.

"No matter then, boatman, I won't land. Can you pull me to Dawse's wharf, — do you know that?"

"Oh yes, sir, sartain I do; but it is a good bit yet, and I shall want another dollar, though the tide is with me a mite."

Robert agreed to that, and an hour or two after noon, he stepped upon Dawse's wharf, and dismissed his boatman.

He entered the small tavern, — the same where he had left his pony ten years ago, — and, asking the man at the bar for a glass of ale, sat down in the public room. This was the first year of our late civil war. It was late in September, after Bull Run and the Bethel affairs, and everywhere Robert Trulyn found soldiers gathering from the farm, the shop, from quiet homes, from every profession, from the country and town, from everywhere, — hastening in the freshness and ardor of a new and grand passion, to resist the wave of the Rebellion. Here, at Dawse's wharf, were three or four volunteers, on their way to cross the river, from the back country and villages west of the Hudson. In the excitement of debate, these men were talking loudly, and gesticulating on the piece of grass before the windows of the inn. One tall, straight figure, whose broad back had been toward the house, turned suddenly as he talked, and Robert Trulyn recognized Bull. He immediately left his beer, and the thoughts that crowded in his mind at this return to the starting-point of his journey to fairy land, and, running out to Bull, seized his hand. Bull was so astonished that, I am sorry to say, he

swore. One big oath, and a stream of mastiff grins, — which I hope drowned the exclamation in its current, — were his only immediate recognition of Robert and his delight. "Come in, come in," said Robert, still holding Bull's hand; "come in, and tell me many things I want to ask of you."

"No, I guess not, Hudson," — for that was the only name he knew him by as yet, — answered Bull, still smiling, "I might have to whisper there; but come you down to that spile out on the wharf, and there I guess only the fishes will hear us." They went together to the end of the wharf, and there, hanging their feet over the river, they talked earnestly for two hours. Robert had to tell all his story first, and greatly did it astonish Bull. Beside that, many subjects growing out of the principal matters of interest, lengthened the earnest conversation; but at length, when Bull had detailed his career up to a late period, Robert said, — "And now you are a soldier?"

"Yes, little one, — not that you are little; no, not by near six feet, and one hundred and seventy weight, I guess; but just because it comes easy from old times, — yes, Robert, I have been a scoundrel long enough; and I have seen so many good, honest fellows, like that true blue clown of yours, that — blow me! — if I ain't going to try and be like them. I had a mighty bad show when I was a boy, and yet I have never taken readily to villainy except just for the fun — curious game that, mighty funny — against the law. I have held a strong, lucky hand, but it don't pay; and you, you turn brain, sort of softened me and Bella. I have never relished my business so much since you came to the quarry. There ain't much against me now, — I don't think it is worth while for the law to nab me; so, with all my head has figured out, and now that Squirrel is hung, Thimble Rig in for ten years, Bella gone I don't know where, and the old quarry burned down" —

Robert wanted to interrupt him at every one of these last sentences, but restraining himself, he let Bull finish first.

"Well, I have a fair chance to hoe a new row, and darned if I won't begin it right by going in for my country — bless her! — if I am a thief. Bless her, I say; and what can I do better, if I can't hold my old luck in a fight, than to be prodded with a bayonet, or riddled with grape, whilst I am holding up the Stars and Stripes?"

Ah! Bull looked like an honest man now, — as if his good resolutions had half changed him already.

"Good! Good! Bull. How glad I am to hear you talk so. I hope you may live the war out, and be a colonel, perhaps, yet; and better, better, better yet, — the honest, true man you have already commenced to be. Perhaps you and I may fight, shoulder to shoulder, yet. I must be a little time at home first, though" — and he went on in a minute, "You say Bella is gone? Where?"

"Lord knows, Hud — I mean Robert. 'She's disappeared, — that's all I can find out," answered Bull.

"And Squirrel hung?" resumed Robert.

"Yes, the dirty squeak; he killed an old, sleeping man, to get his sixty dollars and a silver watch. Pha! He ought to have swung years ago, if such early honor had not been too good for him."

"And Thimble Rig in prison?"

"Yes! Forgery."

And they talked on and on, until the dampness of autumn afternoon drove them to the house. It was too late for Robert to continue his journey that night, and so he went to his tavern bed, when Bull had bid him good-by, and started on his way for the war, with sad thoughts and happy ones mingling and crowding in his brain.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, he started to walk, bag and stick in hand, to the Tor, whence he had caught the first glimpse of the fairy land, that had indeed been a hard fairy land to him.

It was a lovely September day, with just a touch of autumn's sadness softening it, as Robert's heart, though returning with such thankfulness and hope, was chastened by the fear of changes in his dear home, and by the memory of the experiences of the Past. We will not follow him, nor seek to uncover the many and deep feelings that agitated him in those last miles of the journey, that should restore his long lost life, until we join him again, as he nearly completes the rough climb up the Tor's south side.

Rather blown by the ascent, but still filled with the dreams and fears increasing as he neared their end, he climbed on, his head bent, and not yet raising his eyes to the summit. And there, at the summit, not forty yards from him now, stood Daisy Trulyn, her eyes fixed on the approaching figure. She was partly hidden by a hemlock-tree, to which she held as if to shield herself behind it, and, too, as if she were ready to fly, and yet lingered for one more glance.

As was her frequent habit, — it had been so through all the years since Robby had left her

on the Tor, — she had come this lovely day to sit in that spot, dearest to her of all the world by association and hope, — to sit and think of the little brother she had lost.

Robert raised his eyes. One look from each — that was all — though they had parted, as children, ten years ago; and Daisy knew that Robby had come at last; and Robert felt that there before him was — Daisy, his sister.

“O Daisy, Daisy! dear sister” —

“Robby, Robby!”

And as Robert rushed forward, and threw his arms about his sister, she sank on her knees, and, as if unconscious of his kisses, raised her eyes and hands in thankfulness to “the Father in heaven,” who had so wonderfully and graciously answered her prayers.

THE END.

HOW A MOUSE KEPT CHRISTMAS.

‘T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, save one little mouse;
Who from a dim corner was silently peeping,
Determined on mischief, while others were sleeping.

For he was a sly rogue, this same little mouse;
The pest of the pantry, the plague of the house;
And nearly each morning that came, was revealing

New proofs of his habits of picking and stealing.
Sometimes in the closet he’d raise such a clatter,
That pussy would run to see what was the matter;

But ere she was seated all nicely within it,
The mouse would be off to his hole in a minute.
And out of this hole he was stealthily peeping,
That cold winter night, when he should have been sleeping.

Now, dear little Lizzie had gathered some mosses,
And carefully shaped them in frame-work and crosses;

Much time and much thought she had cheerfully spent,

Her affectionate heart on some kindness intent;
For Christmas was coming, and these were to go,
As Lizzie’s love tokens to dear ones, you know.
The gifts were all finished, and neatly laid by,
The paste ’neath the mosses to harden and dry;
And her light little heart bounded happy and free,
In hope of the pleasure that soon was to be.

But on that still night, when the children were sleeping,

And the mischievous mouse from his covert was peeping,

No cat being near, and no eye to discover,
Away ’cross the floor sped the sly little rover;
Then spying a basket high up on the bed,
“I will climb up, and see what is in it!” he said.

No sooner ’t was said, than ’t was speedily done;
“Hurrah!” said the mouse; “here is capital fun!

The paste in these mosses is surely the best,
And the mosses will make me a very fine nest;
I’ll nibble and nibble till dawning of day,
And then I will haste with my plunder away.
I know they will say I deserve to be beaten,
But ’t is really too bad for this not to be eaten!”
So into the basket he scrambled with haste,
And gnawed off the moss for the sake of the paste;

Not caring nor thinking, the troublesome elf,
Of any one’s pleasure, save only himself.
He nibbled away, till the daylight gave warning
That somebody soon would be up in the morning;
Then, fearing the sight of the cat or her master,
He hurried away from the scene of disaster.

What happened thereafter it grieves me to tell,
And the great disappointment which Lizzie befell,
When hastening down to her treasures next day,
Her late happy spirit was filled with dismay.
The mosses were scattered; the papers were stained;

No beauty or form to her pictures remained.
And sadly she told to each one in the house,
The mean depredations of the mischievous mouse.

O mouseie, if from your sly nook you were peeping,

When over your mischief the dear child was weeping,

Perhaps you repented the cause of her pain,
And wisely resolved not to trespass again.

And Lizzie, be warned by the fate of your mosses!

When next you are tempted to make fancy crosses,

Remember the mouse was in this case the winner,
And give him no chance for another such dinner.

MY DÉBUT AS A SPORTSMAN.

BY F. J. MILLS.

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker prancing to his love!"

WHO does not love to turn to the remembrance of home, with smiles and thoughts of bright and happy days, of sports, of revels, and of harvest-homes, maybe of wedding days of village lad and lassie? and should the thought be mingled with regret that the scenes and actors in them may have passed, and passed away forever, still it is blended with the recalling of those hours when joy floated above joy, and life was, indeed, but a laughing holiday.

"When the past you recall, oh! let the brief hours
Alone be remember'd that pleasure beguiles;
Dwell on the thoughts that were culled from the flowers,
Nurtured by bliss, and cherished with smiles."

How such thoughts crowd upon the mind! All distance, all time is annihilated; we revel in those scenes of by-gone hours, and again see, in a vision, "the old house at home" as it really existed: its great gable ends jutting out here and there, bound and laid in oak; iron bars screwed and riveted together, at equal distances, as if in defiance of the crumbling hand of time, the ravages of tempests, and the storms of ages; the dried fosse surrounding the building, on the banks of which many a garden flower grows, and tall elms tower from the very bed,—convincing proof that it must be a long time since it has been applied for the purposes of defense, although the barbed head of an arrow, deeply buried in the oaken sill of a casement, which now presents a convenient ledge for a swallow to build her nest upon, gives token of the troublesome times which have passed since the erection of the ancient house.

The stone porch in the centre, with a deep groove cut in the coping stone, and the rusty sockets of a shot-bolt, show that a portcullis was once suspended above it as a further means of protection. Thick, sturdy limbs of ivy cling in every direction about the walls, and stretch themselves far and wide, even to the roof and about the tall and crooked chimneys, which are so twined and twisted in their form that even the smoke appears to struggle with difficulty through them. Then, surrounding the mossy and venerable building, giant oaks rear and

stretch their stalwart limbs; and if a few of the trunks have been scooped by age, and now afford hollow homes for a few cozy owls to pass their leisure hours in, yet they bear as fresh and as green leaves, and flap and fan them in the summer wind as cheerily, and defy the angry winter blasts as bravely, as their more sound and solid companions. Clumps, too, of thick, dark firs are dotted here and there about the park adjoining; and the ringdove coos at morn and eve among the branches without disturbing the antlered stag crouched in his lair at the roots. The building stands upon elevated ground, which, gradually sloping, terminates at the edge of a narrow but rapid stream, about five hundred yards from the house. A thick grove upon the opposite side forms a capacious rookery, where those cunning, ornithological priests rear their progenies, undisturbed by powder or bow. The robin, perched upon a blackthorn, warbles his wild strain; and the wood-pigeon, roused by the sound from his sluggish repose in a cedar-tree, as old as the hills in the distance, whirr-s from his chosen roost and speeds to his morning meal.

Such was the actual scene of my boyhood; such is it now as it rises before me with startling precision and minuteness, on a bright and beautiful morning in spring—long, long ago! A well remembered day, indeed, which bore witness to the adventure I am about to relate—one that I have since termed "my début as a sportsman," as from it I dated my release from childhood's leading-strings, and thenceforth thought myself a man!

Early in the morning of such a day, when the mist still hung in heavy folds upon flood and field, I commenced a stroll with a favorite dog, an almost inseparable and much-loved companion. We were alone, as we had often been before, brushing away the dew-drops with the break-of-day ramble, and endeavoring to be mutually agreeable and confidential. My companion deserves especial notice and mention. A bloodhound of the purest breed, tall and most beautifully formed, of a reddish-brown color, "Ringwood,"—such was his name,—exceeded in size, weight, strength, and courage, every other of his race that I ever saw. His finely-shaped head; his large, soft, lustrous eyes; his long and pendulous ears, his straight legs, his round and well-formed feet, his deep chest and wide breast, his

broad back and thin neck, all contributed to make him a model of strength and beauty.

Though strong and courageous as a lion, possessing a kind of sagacious, or serious, solemn dignity, admirably calculated to impress a stranger with dread and awe, he was as quiet and as gentle as a little child. Well, I have met with many kind and stanch friends the wide world over, but, Ringwood, when did I ever, where could I ever, meet with a trustier friend than you? Yes, in all times and seasons ever the same — fond and faithful.

By the verge of the narrow stream which flowed through the park, in whose bed patches of dark green sedges reared themselves to sigh and rustle in the breeze, I was strolling, with Ringwood at my side, soon after daybreak, passing with measured tread along the bank, and every now and then stopping to examine any soft, oozy spot that must easily yield an impression to the lightest footfall, and occasionally grasping the trunk of an overhanging tree to assist me in the work of a close inspection. Ringwood, evidently puzzled at my proceedings, looked wistfully in my face for an explanation. Neither gun nor rod did I carry, and no instrument of destruction for the winged or finny tribe; for, in my excursions after the denizens of the stream, he was my constant companion, and evinced his delight at the landing of a skipping fish by sticking his tail between his legs, and, with a loud bark, running round me in rapid circles. As we continued our stroll, I kept my eyes bent upon the mud on the verge of the Deben, and the patches of flags and rushes which here and there were sprinkled in the bosom of the river. At length I espied some fresh seals from a ball-footed visitor, stamped upon a narrow bank in the centre of the narrow river, and also that which appeared to me to be a couch among some tall, rank grass. Pointing with my finger, Ringwood leaped upon the mud, and commenced a vigilant inspection, with his refined organ of smell, of the locality.

After a great deal of winding, he looked up in my face with wagging tail, and expressed, as plainly as though words revealed his thoughts, that a first conception of the business we were upon had been received. Instead of keeping close to me, he now galloped up and down the banks, and tried every nook and corner. As I was examining a suspicious looking place under the creeper of a decapitated pollard, on the opposite side of the river, I heard a sudden splash, and, turning quickly to the sound, saw my companion lashing the water into a white foam, and

turning the stream into whirlpools with his sudden and violent movements. With bent neck and watchful eye, he twisted round and round, and the appearance of a large water-rat, within a few feet of his jaws, revealed the cause of the premature clouding of the stream. Forgetting, for a moment, the more lofty object of pursuit: I had in the prospective, the cheer to "Hold him, Ringwood!" irresistibly escaped my lips, and with much interest I watched his laudable exertions to fulfil the mandate. Away the two paddled down the rapid current; the one for pleasure, the other for sweet life, precious even to a water-rat; and, when a few bold strokes brought the dog within a dangerous proximity to the whiskered thief, down he went like a solid flint, with the laughter of success inflating the air-bubbles dancing in derision on the surface.

"Let those laugh who win," is a fine old proverb, and, notwithstanding the temporary escapes from Ringwood's willing jaws, I felt the rat's chance was, like a suitor's in a court of law, certain destruction in the long swim. A large bed of rushes, not many yards off, appeared to be a spot which the pursued had every inclination to gain. He was within half a dozen feet of the desired haven when his enemy, perhaps seeing an advantage would be lost, made a dash at him. Harlequin-like, he popped beneath the sedges, and, as the hound buried himself among them, out came a moor-hen, on the wings of fear, and, with distended legs, flapped from the scene of tugging war. An old heron, that had been standing as motionless as the green, moss-grown stone hard by, against which the current had broken for countless years in murmuring discontent, left her task of gorging the finny tribe, and, stretching her broad pinions, soared high from the ground, and cleaved her flight towards a thick, dark wood, looming through the mist still hanging upon the hill and rolling through the valley.

In a short time the rat was visible once more to his unrelenting enemy, and to make him a prize appeared to be the object of Ringwood's enthusiastic desire. On they went, and the splash and froth of the water told how ardent were the struggles. A few good long strokes brought Ringwood within snapping distance, when the rascal again dipped and escaped the jaws of death. Round the dog cast a wide circle, and, as the rat's head emerged from the depths below to refresh his lungs, Ringwood threw himself with a sudden plunge towards him, and flung him like a shuttlecock in the air, with scarcely sufficient time to feel a pang at parting with his life.

When we had recovered our wonted composure from the attendant excitement of the watery fray, and had collected our scattered ideas into a focus sufficiently clear to remember the first cause of our early excursion, we again trotted along the verge of the stream. Three remaining parts of a spotted trout, eaten to the vents, and still fresh as the dew-drops glistening upon the scales, confirmed my supposition of the close neighborhood of an otter.

Now the seals were as plentiful as daisies in a meadow, with a May sun warming the expanding leaves, and Ringwood's exertions became doubled to discover the retreat of the forager. For some distance I tracked the otter in the mud, and, opposite to the roots of an old tree, which had been blown across the river by some wild gust of the wintry wind, I lost all trace of him. Along the bank my favorite went, and, turning suddenly round as he passed the fallen tree, every hackle rose upon his back, and, winding high in the air, he would have dashed into the stream, had I not caught him by the collar and checked him in the spring. "Softly, softly," said I; "you've found him, my beauty, but we must have some assistance to catch him."

A description of the otter and the reason for destroying it are given, because it is so invet-

toes, which enable it to swim with such rapidity as to overtake fish in their own element. The otter, however, properly speaking, is not amphibious; he is not formed for continuing in the water, since, like other terrestrial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration. The usual length of the otter, from tip of nose to base of tail, is about two feet; the tail itself about one and a half feet. The weight of an old full-grown dog otter is from twenty-six to thirty pounds; they have been known to weigh over forty. The head and nose are broad and flat; the eyes are brilliant, although small, and placed in such a manner as to discern every object that is above; but it is this property of seeing what is above, which gives the otter a particular advantage when lurking at the bottom for its prey, as fish cannot discern any object under them, and the otter, seizing them from beneath by the belly, readily takes any number with little exertion. The ears are extremely short, and their orifice narrow; the opening of the mouth is small; the lips are capable of being brought very close, somewhat resembling the mouth of a fish; are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers. The legs are very short, but

remarkably broad and muscular,—the joints articulated so loosely that the otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body and use them as fins; each foot has five toes, connected by strong webs like those of a water-fowl. The otter has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the seal.

The general shape of the otter is somewhat similar to that of an overgrown weasel, being long and slender; its color is entirely a deep brown, except two small spots of white on each side the nose, and one under the chin. The

otter is possessed of a formidable set of teeth, and destroys large quantities of fish, for he will eat none unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he takes himself. By his mode of eating them he causes a still greater consumption, for he only devours a fish to the vent, leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more.

I recrossed the park as quickly as possible,



erate a foe to the fisherman's amusement, for the otter is as destructive in a pond or river as a polecat in a hen-roost. This animal seems to link the chain of gradation between terrestrial and aquatic creatures; resembling the former in its shape, and the latter in being able to remain for a considerable time under water, and being furnished with membranes like fins between the

and, without going near the house, made my way as fast as I could, over a stile and along a foot-path as the nearest cut, to the neighboring village of Brandeston, where I determined to collect a team of the best dogs that could be drafted in the place, then hunt the pack myself, and show the folks at home what a young hand could do! I felt — as most youngsters do feel, more or less, under similar circumstances — too proud to ask for any advice, too self-reliant to hint at requiring any assistance save of my own choosing, lest the laurels to be won should be shared by any body else. To be the hero, the sportsman, of the day and hour was the height of my ambition at that moment. How I resolved "to do or die!" I think few have unkenneled such a tag-rag and bobtail crew to hunt even rats in a barn, as I had to open a cheer to in my first otter drag. A couple and a half of my *hounds* consisted of three white Scotch terriers, ready to have "a go" at a mouse or a rhinoceros; one was a shepherd's dog, as the shoemaker of the village ventured to affirm, but whose appearance, to me, looked unpleasantly like a poaching lurcher with cropped ears and tail; and a fourth was a brindled bull-dog, with one of the thickest heads and thinnest tails I have yet seen. Two black and white mongrels, having the mingled blood of a hound, poodle, and pug-dog, and an old, dark-brown, curly-coated water-spaniel, with Ringwood, — a team in himself, and always ready for any thing, from a cockroach to an elephant, — completed my heterogeneous pack. So afraid was I of an immediate desertion of my canine forces, that, save Ringwood, I had each member coupled and led to the scene of action, confiding in the heat of warfare for more glorious proceedings.

A dozen villagers, armed with stout cudgels, and a posse of boys, who were overjoyed at the prospect of such a "jolly lark" as an otter hunt, each bearing a huge stick, accompanied me. Upon arriving at the spot where Ringwood gave such decided indications of the otter's whereabouts, I placed a select few in advanced positions, as trusty sentinels, ordered the majority in the rear to keep well back, and to maintain silence, and then directed Ringwood, with a cheer, to try once more the likelyholt. Again he winded high in the air, dashed through the sedges into the river, and, driving his head into theholt, commenced tearing away at it with his fore-feet, as if he had been well practiced in the mysteries of sapping and mining. Recalling Ringwood to my side, "Now for the spade and pickaxe," said I; when two of my eager votaries, well skilled in

the use of such weapons, commenced an attack that promised, in a very limited space, to lay bare the inward recesses of the rooty home. "Be quiet, keep your mouths shut, and your eyes open," continued I, "and we shall get some sport in a crack."

Globes of perspiration began to trickle from the brows and cheeks of the diggers; the dogs were squatting on their haunches, watching, with pricked ears, the progress of the work; and, at every click the pick and spade now made, the excitement of all seemed to rise one degree, when I heard the exclamation from a boy, standing a few yards from me, of "Crikey, what a rat!" — Casting my eyes towards him, I saw, or thought I saw, an otter down. Before I could be quite assured of the correctness of my vision, Ringwood made a spring, like an antelope, into the river, and likewise almost carried me, as I was holding him, into it. "Slip all the dogs!" hallooed I, as I now saw the otter show himself about forty yards up the river, having broke from some secret channel, and with a "Loo, have at him!" the whole pack swept up the bank, and followed me headlong into the water. Never shall I forget the scene that now ensued. In every direction, men and boys leaped into the river, yelling like a parcel of savages, and lost to all kind of control. Some found themselves in dangerous depths, and were shrieking for assistance, while others roared with laughter at seeing them so capitally ducked. Above, below, around, was nothing but boisterous fun, and the essence of confusion.

"Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

Losing sight of the otter for a longer period than pleased me, I left the stream, and, running up the side of the river, I saw the "varmint" streaking along an artificial bank on the extreme verge of the water, and some distance from us. With a cheer, I got the dogs, gallantly led by Ringwood, with me; and going it at my best pace, — which I am proud to say is any thing but slow, — I put them in view of the enemy, and in a few seconds they forced him to try again the depths where the green rush springs. There were now so many short bends in the river, that, although the otter might rise within a few feet of the dogs, they could not be aware of his peeping, unless well directed. I therefore threw some of my forces forward, others in the rear, and clambering on to the top of the bank, remained with the pack myself,

giving strict injunctions for a loud halloo when the otter was viewed. These commands, however, were needless, as, whenever an eye fell upon the object of the watery chase, strong lungs proclaimed the event, and well-strung sinews were exerted, to render no second sight necessary.

As we were watching for a reappearance after a long dive, and the dogs were swimming here

ahead of the others they led the run, while, in accordance with their uneven and respective capacities for speed, the remainder followed in the most approved disorder. We made the best of our time after the pack; and, as we scampered away, the wet flew from us as if from mops between the active palms of Betty-maids on house-cleaning days.



and there with yapping tongues, the otter rose on a shallow ford; and, although I could have had a fair chance for aiming a successful blow at him from the top of the bank where I stood, I held back, and out he broke from the water, and rattled away over a wide pasture in noble style. Some distance was gained before the dogs could scramble up the banks; but when Ringwood and the shepherd's dog (alias lurcher) had effected their exit, it soon began visibly to decrease. Far

ever, there are a great many more ways and means of ejecting a tenant than by pitching him out of the window; I therefore began to think of applying the milder, and generally the more successful means of stratagem, instead of rude force. A farm-house was close by, to which I sent for a bundle of straw, and some lucifer matches, which were quickly brought to me; and, after putting a quantity of the straw into the drain, I applied a match, and set it in a blaze.

With the exception of the brindled bull, with the thick head and thin tail, and one of the nondescripts, not a dog was in sight after the fence at the end of the meadow had been charged; but after hopping over two extensive fallows, and getting through a low grass field, which was in close affinity to a bog, I discovered my pack "brought-to" at a gate-way. Surmising the cause before arrival, I prepared my knife, and looked for a long, pricking bramble. Seeing one suitable for my purpose, I hastily severed it from the hedge, and hastened towards the checked group. The lurcher had taken up his position at the end of a hollow trunk of a tree, that formed a drain under the gateway, while Ringwood had rammed his head and neck into the opposite terminus.

Drawing the dogs off, I inserted my bramble, and felt the otter about the centre of the drain; but, notwithstanding some vigorous stirring up, and keeping all hands at a respectful distance from the starting-point, no hint "to go" would be taken. How-

In a very short time, the retreat became too hot to hold the fugitive, and, enveloped in a dense smoke, he burst from the hollow trunk, and sped away again towards the river, at astonishing speed.

In a string, and in about the same order as before, my pack swept after him, and, with shouts that made the welkin ring, my companions followed, with light heels and lighter hearts. I expected the otter would be run into before he could head back to the river; but, by extraordinary exertions, he managed to regain the water, and when we arrived on its brink, every dog was breasting the stream, with redoubled exertions to pull his victim down. But a very short distance from Ringwood's jaws, I saw the otter rise for a moment, and, finding himself so close to danger, down he went like an arrow, with scarcely sufficient time to get one sob of air. Now he broke once more from the river, and ran along the shore under the steep bank, with Ringwood close to him; but the weight of the dog on the mud, told severely against his chance of capture, and, fearing some strong drain might be found not far off, I drew three dogs from the water, by having them handed up the bank in a trice, and cheering them loudly forward, they got a view of the otter, and making a dash at him with a reckless jump from above, turned him again into the river.

"There's a wide brick drain of a hundred yards long, close by," said a man, with just sufficient wind left to enable him to make the communication.

"Show me where," I replied; and off we went at the best pace left in us, to discover the obnoxious spot, leaving the dogs to manage themselves for a few brief moments. Finding the information to be correct, I doffed my shooting jacket, and with "a gaberdine, or slop," from my companion's shoulders, we pushed both into the mouth of the drain, and effectually stopped all ingress there. Returning quickly to the scene of action, I saw the otter just before the dogs, and from his fainter struggles, knew that he was getting beaten. Nothing could be more amusing than to see the ardor displayed by every body, when a glimpse of the otter was had. Although heated to excess, not a soul present hesitated for a moment to throw himself towards the "varmint," and brave the danger of uncertain depths, as willingly as any of the finny inhabitants. It was a matter of surprise to me how the otter escaped the countless cudgels whirled at him, and the blows aimed with no unpracticed skill falling close and thick as hailstones. But, remarkable quickness of sight, and

movements more agile than the swallow's wing, enabled him to avoid the impending hazards for a time, and empowered him to live in the midst of death. Notwithstanding my orders to abstain from throwing any thing at the otter as he rose, the squeal of an unhappy dog every now and then told that they were unheeded. Indeed, with such an excited and lawless set of sportsmen, it was barely possible to make any one listen to a word of caution or advice. Each took his own course, and was enjoying the fun after his peculiar notions of the way in which the otter should be hunted. Occasionally this liberty of action ruffled the feathers of my temper, especially when I saw a dog struck with no gentle tap; but, with all the want of rule and nice observances, I have never been more thoroughly delighted with any sport by flood or field that I have participated in since; this may arise — though I don't think it does altogether — from the fact that it was "my début as a sportsman."

In a deep, narrow hole of about twelve feet of water, the otter went down, and at the very shallow ends of it stood a crowd with upraised cudgels, while some lined both sides of the stream. The dogs were swimming with watchful eyes in the centre of the hole, and I now saw the life of the victim must become forfeited within a very limited period. I had all the dogs drawn off and held fast, except Ringwood, who was exerting his energies to pull down his prey. With the caution of age and hardly earned experience, the otter rose in the thickest patch of rush that he could discover, trusting that the screen might hide him from the vigilance of his pursuer; but scarcely had he time to take one sob of air to his spent lungs, than the wary hound was aware of his cunning device, and again he had to take to flight.

Wherever he went and whatever he did, produced no difference in the result; death was in his wake; and as he strove with desperate resolve, to bury himself under the cramped and twisted roots of a pollard, washed for many winters and summers, until scarcely a grain of mould remained to be crumbled from them, Ringwood's fangs were fixed deeply in his loins, and, giving one last gripe in the dew-lapped jowl of the hound, he died game to the last.

"Who-whoop!" resounded far away; and from Ringwood's jaws I snatched a fine old dog otter of over thirty pounds weight. I carried him in triumph up to the house, and, with no small feeling of pride and exultation, asked them there what they thought of "my début as a sportsman."

A YEAR AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT kind of a hunter did Matchiée make, Harry?" asked Robert, the first opportunity he could get the next evening, without interrupting a conversation between his cousin and uncle.

"Not a very renowned one, I suspect. I heard nothing of his exploits from any but himself, although he went out with a party who were gone four or five weeks. Before his departure he had to go through some religious ceremony, as this was his first great hunt."

"I should think the Indians had plenty of idle time."

"They have, and this is the reason they are such gamblers. You have only to be among them as I was, to have all your romantic notions concerning them take wings and fly. They will sit for hours and play and bet on a game similar to our 'Hunt the Slipper.' It consists in passing a piece of wood, or a stone, from hand to hand, while they sit in a ring with one in the centre to guess where it is. The stone will change places with such quiet and dexterity, that it is almost impossible to tell when and how it is done. They often gamble away every thing in this game, even the few clothes they possess, and it is done with the utmost gravity, and without a change of countenance. One day, when a number of them had been playing for hours, with little success on the guesser's part, who stood mortified and puzzled, an old brave, who had been sitting on a log, smoking and apparently not observing them, arose, and with 'Ugh!' and a gesture of contempt, pointed to the hand which held the stone, and walked away. I had been intently watching, and had not the most remote idea where the stone was. They have a game like billiards, and played like it. Another game is played with stones shaken in a wooden bowl. Some of those who live near the settlements had learned the use of cards. When in the neighborhood of St. Paul, we came suddenly upon a group in the woods, playing with a greasy pack of cards. They did not raise their eyes, or take the slightest notice of our approach, or give a sign that they were aware of our presence. Father afterwards turned back to ask a question, and found they spoke English."

"You have not told us any thing of the Falls

of the Missouri River," said Charles: "you saw them?"

"Yes; we travelled over a plain without trees for a couple of days, the wind so keen it almost went through one, when we began to get in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains; we passed a few scattered cotton and other trees, and the rivers were guarded by almost perpendicular walls of black rock. At this point, we were met by a party of Blackfeet in search of us, and Col. Joyce had a long and, it appeared to me, satisfactory talk with them, after which we halted. The next morning Col. Joyce asked me if I felt equal to a couple of days' hard travel. I replied I thought so. Whereupon he told me to prepare to start, and giving some orders to the Indians, a half dozen of them made ready to go with us; the remainder were to stay where they were until our return. I was curious to know our destination, but did not like to ask Col. Joyce, as he had not told me, and would not ask the Indians.

"It was noon. We had crossed a river and were on a plain, moving rapidly forward, when I heard a strange sound and saw smoke in the distance. 'A fire?' I said, turning to Col. Joyce. He smiled, and the Indians called out something I could not understand. We proceeded, still hearing the same sound, and ere long reached the Falls."

Robert arose, hitched about, and sat down again.

"Are they any thing like Niagara?"

"No; the river runs between perpendicular walls nearly one hundred feet high, and falls straight down seventy-five feet, its width being three hundred yards in the centre. It reaches the bottom in a smooth sheet, measuring some eighty or ninety feet across, having a swift but majestic motion. The sides of this great stream dash over broken and projecting rocks, and are lashed and ground into vast caldrons of white foam, whose spray leaps and dances in the air, forming a multitude of little rainbows."

Col. Morris lowered the newspaper he had been reading. "There is more than one fall, is there not, Harry?"

"Yes, sir, there are several; this is the lowest and greatest. They extend twelve miles or more. There is one, above this, where the water descends to about half the depth it does at

the lowest fall, over a broad, smooth-cut rock, which extends from shore to shore. We remained at the river all the next day, Col. Joyce taking me to the best points of view, informing me of distances, etc. When we turned our backs upon it, he inquired if I found myself repaid for the journey, for it appeared his only object in making it was to show me this spectacle."

"You spoke of crossing the rivers. How did you do this, cousin?" said Robert.

"In the boats we carried with us, made of buffalo hides."

"Did you see many snakes — reptiles?"

"Yes; a great many in early spring. They could be seen coming out of the fissures of the rocks to sun themselves. The Black Cloud came upon a den of rattlesnakes one day. They were in a half-torpid state, and he killed forty-six of them. The insects troubled me more than any thing else at first; the mosquitoes were terrible in the region of Lake Superior; they almost set me frantic, but as we went further west they did not annoy me so much. I suppose I became accustomed to them. They swarmed like clouds, and the choice was either to be bitten by them, or half stifled with the smoke of the fire kindled to drive them away. The Indians have a tradition that mosquitoes were sent upon earth in answer to the petition of an old maid, who, having nothing to do, supplicated the Great Spirit to give her employment for her leisure time. They say that snakes have an aversion to tobacco, and will not come near where it is. They lay it about in places where they have been seen, to drive them away, and when bitten by a venomous reptile, apply tobacco to the wound and drink tobacco tea."

"The Indians, I have heard, ride well, and have many horses. Do they use saddles?" asked Charles.

"A sort of rude saddle, or pad, made of deer or buffalo skin, and a thong of the same for a bridle, or a rope of plaited horse-hair, but generally they put a piece of buffalo hide on the horse's back, and that is all. They are great horse-thieves; have many fine animals, which some of them decorate with shells and beads, and sometimes paint in red and white stripes; they ride fearlessly and sit their horses well, and when on them fear no danger, and often ride an animal to death."

"I should think the trappers would have trouble, taking their furs and skins from place to place."

"You forget the caches, Charles, as they call

the pits they dig in which they hide their possessions; they learned how to do this from the Indians. In some out-of-the-way place, in secrecy and silence, they dig these caches, lining them with dry grass or skins, before putting their peltries, and other articles they cannot conveniently carry, in them. With the greatest possible care they remove all traces of having done so; yet often the Indians find them out, and open and rob them.

"The first of these I saw was just before we got to the Black Hills, on a prairie. The Indians suddenly halted, and began to dig. I could not imagine what they were about, for, to my unpracticed eye, it looked like any other spot on the plain. After digging a little, they came to quantities of dried grass, and, removing this, their buffalo robes, beaver skins, etc., lay beneath."

"I suppose, Harry," said Cousin Ada, who paused, in passing through the room, to listen a moment to the conversation, "you have told the boys all about 'Moon Eye.'"

Harry blushed vividly, while Charles eagerly inquired "who 'Moon Eye' was."

"Do not be ashamed of attentions to any girl or woman, Harry," said Col. Morris; "deference to the sex of which your mother is an ornament, is the first feeling of a gentleman. It always gives me pleasure to see my boys pay attention to a woman."

"I am not ashamed, father, of any courtesies paid Irene, but Cousin Ada implies a great deal when she speaks to me of her, and it teases me a little."

"But who was she, Harry?" Charles impatiently asked, while Ada laughed and quit the room.

"She was a very pretty, pleasant girl, and I am indebted to her for many a day's enjoyment while we were together."

"Was she an Indian?"

"No; she was the daughter of a fur trader who had formerly lived at Montreal. Her mother was an Indian woman, who died when she was almost a babe, and the little Irene had been sent to Canada and educated there in a convent. Her father, who was a Frenchman, had taken up his residence in the wilds; but going back to Montreal on business, and finding her a well-grown girl of sixteen, he determined to take her to the West with him. He had been several days on his journey when business called him in a different direction, and he put her in Col. Joyce's care, to be delivered to his wife for safe keeping, until he could come and claim her."

"It is strange you have not mentioned her before," said Charles, mischievously.

"I believe my narrations have been mostly confined to answering questions, and I have bided my time. However, you shall have a full account of her now."

"How did she get along with the Indians?"

"Admirably. Chick-a-see became very attentive to her. The first two weeks after she joined us, he painted his face anew every day. Half his time was spent in decorating himself, and the other half in strutting about, exhibiting himself after he was adorned. She was infinitely amused with him,—would clap her hands and laugh at each change in his appearance. These manifestations he mistook for admiration, and his self-importance and coxcombry were daily on the increase. She never would permit him to approach her, but always kept close to Col. Joyce or me. Occasionally he would speak to her in Spanish, which she understood,—she knew no Indian,—but she did not answer him, and only talked to Col. Joyce and me.

"Finding she did not relish our fare, I shot birds for her, and got the Indian women to make her cakes of powdered corn. Chick-a-see, seeing these attentions were acceptable, followed my lead, and daily brought in strings of birds, and laid them at her feet. I observed that his proceedings were carefully watched by a daughter of one of the braves, to whom he was, in some sort, betrothed. I saw the girl set her teeth whenever he came near Irene. It made me uneasy, but as Col. Joyce took no notice, I kept silent. At length Chick-a-see became jealous of my attentions to Irene, and once or thrice thrust himself between us when we were en route, and kept close beside her pony. The first time he did this Col. Joyce was a little ahead, and did not observe the manœuvre; the second time, he had kept his position for some minutes, saying something to her I did not understand, when suddenly she drew her horse back and passed round to Col. Joyce's side, who was riding leisurely along, talking with the Rattlesnake. Something in her movement or manner attracted his attention. He turned his head and glanced at us. He understood in a moment, for he gave Chick-a-see such a look that he fell back and did not try to join us again. But Oneo had been watching her betrothed; and that evening, after we had halted and the women were preparing the meal, Col. Joyce was lying at full length smoking, and Irene singing for him, Chick-a-see behind Col. Joyce, out of his sight, and I at some little distance,

half asleep; she strode up to where Chick-a-see was, and threw something in his face; what it was I could not distinguish, but all the group around heard the few angry words she uttered ere she turned and went back. They startled Col. Joyce to his feet; Irene stopped her song; I raised on my elbow. I knew something strange was going on, but what it was I could not tell. Col. Joyce strode to Chick-a-see's side and spoke to him in Indian. I knew not the meaning of the words, but they must have been startling ones, for the Rattlesnake stopped smoking, and White Crane turned towards the Colonel as he heard them. They were few, and soon said; then Col. Joyce turned towards the women and looked for Oneo. She was not to be found. Ascertaining this, he came back to Irene, threw himself beside her, and quietly smoked.

"That night, before we slept, Col. Joyce said to me, 'Harry, don't lose sight of Irene, nor suffer that half-breed scoundrel to approach her; he has roused Oneo's jealousy, and she has threatened him to turn dreamer; you do not know, as I do, what that means. Jealousy makes these squaws insane, and they are devils under its influence. I should never be able to face Irene's father should mischief happen to her. I think I have settled that yellow skin, however.'

"And he had, for he did not approach Irene again, and soon Oneo and he were as good friends as before."

"Was Oneo good-looking?"

"Yes, the best looking of the Indian girls among us. I did not admire any of them. Chick-a-see, with his dandy airs and finery, was a great favorite among them, although he had never taken a scalp. He received money and gewgaws for acting as interpreter, often made presents to the Indian girls, and so won their regard."

"What did Col. Joyce mean by saying Oneo had threatened to turn dreamer?" asked Robert.

"Do you not remember my telling you the faith they had in dreams, particularly in the visions of the insane? I have no doubt she told Chick-a-see he would make her crazy by his conduct; then any dreadful deed she had done, either to Irene or Chick-a-see, would have been justified in Indian eyes, had she declared the Great Spirit had, in a dream, bid her do it. It was the fear of some violence to Irene that made Col. Joyce interfere."

"Where did you leave Irene?"

"With Col. Joyce's wife, near the Rocky Mountains, awaiting her father. The novelty and freedom of Indian life at first amused and

interested her; but at length she became weary of it, and was homesick for the convent and the society of the girls she had been brought up with. I was very sorry for her, for she seemed to feel desolate. When we left, her father had not arrived, and she had to wait his coming with no white person near her. She clung around Col. Joyce's neck, and sobbed, and begged to go with him."

"Why, it was dreadful! How did her father know what might happen to her?"

"She was safe enough with Col. Joyce's wife, for the tribe considered her in their especial keeping; but she could not get over shrinking whenever one of the braves approached her. Col. Joyce said he supposed her father would marry her to some of the men employed in the fur trade out there, and gain some advantage by so doing."

"Do not the Indians have a great many traditions?"

"Yes; and they are terribly superstitious. There is a certain hill in the Sioux country which they believe to be inhabited by very small evil spirits, two feet high, with great heads. These spirits are very expert in the use of the arrow, and kill every one who ventures near them or their residence. No Indians can be induced to go to this hill or stay a night in its neighborhood."

"The Mandans say that they once lived below the surface of the earth on a lake side. In the centre of their village were the roots of an enormous grape-vine, which had penetrated from the earth above, making cracks through which came the light of the sun."

"One day, an adventurous brave climbed up the roots of this vine, and, getting a glimpse of the upper world, made his way through, and, for the first time, saw the buffalo, and gathered grapes. He went back, laden with the fruit, and told what he had seen, whereupon the people determined to see for themselves, and men, women, and children proceeded to climb the vine. Many had reached the earth in safety, when one fat old woman attempting it, the vine broke, and the hole closed."

"The people above built a village and hunted the buffalo, believing that, after death, they will return again to their underground friends."

"Most of the Indians think their heaven is situated somewhere among the Rocky Mountains, where there are hunting-grounds, over which innumerable buffalo and deer roam, waiting to be killed by good warriors."

"They all believe in good and evil spirits, do they not?"

"All that I met. The god of some of them

is an immense bird, who lives in the sun, but flies about, and sees and knows every thing that is done on earth. When angry, he causes thunders and lightning, and storms, — thunder being the flapping of his wings, and lightning the flashing of his eyes. They offer fruits and venison and fish to appease him. Often, in the woods, I came across these things, hanging from a tree, or lying on a little mound of earth. Their evil spirit lives in the fire, and they also make sacrifices to him. They are idolaters, and have their idols carved of wood, which they adorn with flowers."

"What music do they have when they dance?"

"They use a skin stretched tightly over a hoop, which they beat like a drum; they also have a long pole, on which the horns and hoofs of deer and goats are suspended, and make a jingling noise when struck with a stick. The men sing and shake a bag made of skin in which they have pebbles."

"I should think it was anything but music," remarked Charles. "But tell me: the other day, when showing the moccasins you brought home, you said, 'This is a Snake moccasin.' What did you mean by that?"

"The different tribes make their moccasins differently. The Mandans and some others make theirs with a single seam on the outer edge, and sewed up behind, a hole being left to put the foot in; others set the foot flat in the skin and gather it together at the top. An Indian, on looking at a trail, knows the tribe to which the wearer belongs by the imprint of the moccasin."

"Could you understand the Indian language?"

"Yes; I soon acquired enough words to make myself understood with the aid of their signs, which are very significant. Knowing Col. Joyce was going to ask a runner the distance to a certain place, I observed that, in reply, he passed his hand from east to west across the heavens three times, each time signifying a day, and I knew it was three days' journey. I often saw the Indian lads, in their disputes, part their two forefingers and move them from their mouths, and I discovered this meant forked tongue, or lying."

"Now, I must put an end to my talks with you about the Indians for some time, as I am going on a surveying expedition with Capt. Rice, to be gone a month. I have chosen the profession of a civil engineer, and father thinks this an excellent opportunity for practical lessons."

There was a great outcry, and he promised to tell them all about his visit to the Hudson Bay Company when he returned.



THE FIRST SNOW.

BY ABBY SAGE.

PERCY looked out of the window,
 The sky was heavy and gray :
 "Dear mama," said he, "it is cloudy ;
 Do you think it will snow to-day ?
 There's one flake just hit the curb-stone :
 I wish it only would snow ;
 I could try my new sled on the sidewalk,
 And wear my new mittens, you know.
 "O mama, do look, here's another,
 It looks like a star made of down ;

Now they're coming thicker and faster ;
 See, the rose-bush has got a white crown.
 Now I scarcely can see the houses
 Or the people, over the way :
 Hurrah ! for the first snow of winter ;
 Hurrah ! it is snowing to-day !

"But, mama, when I'm so happy,
 Pray, why do you not look glad ?
 You do not smile at the snow-storm :
 Your face looks sober and sad."

Then mama said: "Come, my darling,
And sit awhile at my knee,
And I'll tell you, while I'm sewing,
What the first snow says to me.

"It says, 'I look soft and downy,
As I carpet all the street,
But I'm cold and hard on the pavements
To the touch of little bare feet.
And when the poor little children
See me drop down from the sky,
They wish they had shoes and stockings,
For they know that the winter is nigh.'

"So mama sits and thinks of the children,
And pities them so, you know,
She cannot laugh with her darling,
In his joy at the first white snow.
For she knows, in the winter evenings,
When he's tucked up snug in his bed,
Many a poor little boy in the city
Has no place to lay his head."

Little Percy sat quiet a moment,
His heart was too full to speak,

And from under his drooping eyelids
Two tears rolled down his cheek.
"Dear mama," he said, very softly,
"I pity those poor little boys;
Do you think it would help them any
If I gave them all my toys?"

"And, mama, if you are willing,
I'll give them my fine new sled;
Perhaps some boy could sell it,
And buy him a nice little bed.
I did not think of the beggar-boys,
Or their little bare feet at all;
Do you think it was wrong to be happy
When I saw the snow-flakes fall?"

"Oh no, it is right to be happy,
And the dear, good Father in heaven
Is glad when his darling children
Enjoy the good he has given.
But keep your heart always tender,
My precious little boy,
And do not forget the wretched,
When your day is sunny with joy."

DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY.

NATHAN'S PIG.

THE roses on the pig-pen fence had all dropped their leaves, but the pig behind grew more rosy and fat as the autumn came on. Nathan never forgot now to feed him: on the contrary, he seemed always to be feeding him. As soon as he was up in the morning, he was bound for the pigsty, hurrying along with the pig's breakfast, as if the poor animal had been living all night on half rations; and as soon as school was over, Nathan was again on hand with corn husks, and apples, and pea pods, or whatever other dainty he could find. He would stuff them into the trough, and then stand, with his hands behind his back, and watch the pig with a serious air, and wonder and wonder how many pounds he would weigh, and how soon he would be fat enough to kill, and how many cents a pound he should get, and what he should do with the money.

The pig was Nathan's own. He had bought him with his own money. Martin had brought him home from Canton market, and after being duly invited into roomy quarters, which the last

occupant had left, never to reënter, at least not in his old shape Nathan watched his career through the summer with increasing interest, as the days grew shorter, and the pig's chin grew longer.

The pig's extra fare was apples, — good, wormy apples; worms in apples are spice to a pig, and with these he was kept well supplied by his little master. Moreover, Nathan had the pleasure of making the apples turn an honest penny on their way to the pig. Some trees in the orchard shed a good many apples that were not ripe, and were, moreover, a sourish, hard apple; these fell on the ground, and were regarded by the worms and ants as food sent down from the sky for their special benefit. So they went hard to work, thousands of them, and had a busy time harvesting. But one day, Mr. Bodley, walking through the orchard with Nathan, saw the apples spread over the ground, and said, — "Nathan, I don't like to see these apples here. Now, I will give you five cents a bushel for all you will gather."

"But what shall I do with the apples?"

"Oh, give them to the pig."

"Why, so I can," said Nathan; and in five minutes he was there with a wheelbarrow, and Phippy and Lucy were helping him load up, though indeed the little girls were so particular as to what apples they touched, that I don't think they helped very much; and not even the one cent a bushel which Nathan promised each, could make them work very hard at picking up small, worm-eaten apples.

At first Nathan used to tip the apples into the pig-pen, and let the pig nose them over, and find the wormiest; but a good many were wasted in that way; and one day, as he stood watching the pig, after having carted three wheelbarrowfuls, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hi!" said he; and snatching up the wheelbarrow, he raced off to the house, where his mother was churning.

"Mother!" he cried. "Mother! I've got a splendid idea about the pig."

"Dear me! it seems to me you have enough ideas about the pig already. What is it? Do you want a looking-glass, so that he can enjoy himself as much as you enjoy him?"

"Now, mother! A looking-glass! why, he'd break it all to smash. No. I'll tell you what. I'll boil them. I'll make a bonfire, and take the big kettle and boil them, and make the pig some apple-sauce. May I?"

"Oh, the apples."

"Oh, no. I'll tell you. I'll take the boiler where you boil the clothes. No I won't, either. I'll make a bonfire. That'll be better."

At this moment Phippy and Lucy came by, and Nathan told them eagerly what his plan was.

"But I'm afraid it won't do for you," he said, looking solemn. "You'll catch fire. I saw something in the newspaper the other day, about it."

"Oh, poh!" said Phippy. "I sha'n't catch fire. I'll take a long stick and poke it. Oh, it'll be splendid! just like the gypsies. We'll have a couple of fork sticks,—you know how,—and a piece across, and a pot-hook, and we'll take our dolls and play they are babies we've stolen; and we'll tell fortunes"—

"Well, well," said Mrs. Bodley, "but I don't know about letting you"—

"O mother!" cried the three in chorus.

"What is Martin doing?"

"He is out in the barn, chopping hay."

"Well, ask him to come here a minute."

When Martin came, Mrs. Bodley asked him if he would help the children make the fire, and see

that they got into no mischief; and that very afternoon, a cool September day, the children gathered some brushwood and leaves, and Martin helped them make a gypsy camp, and they stewed a famous mess of apples, and whatever other fruit they could lay hold of, and stirred it and stirred it, till they were hot as mustard, and then marched off to give it to the pig, piping hot as it was, though they had to save a good deal, and give it cool another time; but it was all put into the trough, and the pig ate it and grunted over it, as if he were complaining because he had to eat his apple-sauce without bread and butter, or roast goose.

Now, one day, as September came to an end, Nathan and the other children were very much surprised at seeing their father walk up the avenue as early as one o'clock. He never used to come before half-past five, for he was in business in the city, and could not come away earlier. They ran up to him joyfully, but he said so little, and looked so grave, that they were a little frightened, and held back; but when he had gone into the house, they forgot it, and went back to their play. Before long, however, their mother came to the door and called them in. They remembered then how their father looked, and seeing their mother also looking quiet, they hardly knew what to say or do, but followed shyly into the parlor, where Mr. Bodley was walking uneasily up and down.

Nathan, being the oldest, and intending, of course, to be a man before long, spoke up very solemnly,—"Papa, is Uncle Daniel dead?"—Uncle Daniel being daily expected, though never having been seen by the children. To his surprise, Mr. Bodley stopped and laughed, and then checked himself, sat down on the sofa by his wife, and called the children to him.

"No, Thanny," said he, "though I don't wonder you asked me. I will tell you a little what the trouble is, though you can't understand it all. It is very hard for merchants to get along now, and I have lost a great deal of money, so much, that I have been obliged to stop business for a time, and I am afraid we may have to leave our beautiful home."

The children were too much surprised to cry. Leave Roseland! why, how could they? they had n't been there a year.

"So you must be careful," said Mrs. Bodley, "and not tear your clothes. Now run out again and play."

"Sarah!" said Mr. Bodley, when they were gone, bursting into a laugh, "what could you

mean? The poor children won't see any connection between my suspension and their clothes."

"Yes, they will. They will think about it; and if they don't understand, they will ask me. What you want of them is, not that they should cry very much, or expect to take your clerks' places, but to show their affection in their own way, and learn that even their little helps."

The children went out, looking very serious, and with their eyes considerably larger than when they came in.

"Nathan!" said Phippy, "it's awful. You don't know, but I read about it in a story the other day. Father'll have to go to jail, and stay till he's paid every cent, and mother'll go there to see him, and take us, and we're so small, that the jailer will feel bad, and let him out. We'll carry him bread and cake."

"He does n't like cake: he never eats it," sobbed Lucy, who had been keeping in before.

"Never mind, Lucy," said Phippy, giving up her notion at once. "I don't much believe he'll have to go. I know he won't, because this happened ever so long ago, in another country. They don't do so in America. I know what I'm going to do. Come, Lucy. I've got a secret; let's go into the orchard."

"Let me hear, too," said Nathan.

"No, it's a girl's secret."

"Well, I've got a secret, too. I've been thinking about something."

"Will you tell me yours, if I'll tell you mine?" asked Phippy, who loved other people's secrets even more than she did her own.

"I'm going to pick up apples," said Nathan.

"Hoh!" said Philippa, "a great secret, that!" but Nathan had already started for his wheelbarrow. Two little heads in sugar-scoop bonnets were soon nodding wisely to each other, as Phippy and Lucy walked off toward the orchard.

"—And I'll make lamplighters," were Lucy's last words, as they got out of hearing. "I can make them beautiful."

Nathan trundling his wheelbarrow to the familiar field, moved rather slowly. His busy head was fuller than usual, but he worked with his hands even harder, and looked round with disappointment, as he saw at last that there were no more apples to pick up. He watched the pig crunch the cold, hard apples, for he did not boil these, and then he walked into the house with his hands behind him, thinking, and counting on his fingers.

October went by and November too, and De-

cember came growing more cold and wintry as Christmas drew near. Mr. Bodley had not yet been obliged to leave Roseland. They had talked it over, and looked at smaller houses near by; but as he hired the place, and could not easily find any one to let it to, he determined at length that he could live there more economically than if he were to move. Still he spent as little money as possible, and the children sometimes had to give up what they had been counting on.

"If Nathan were older, I think I should try to do without Martin," said Mr. Bodley.

"Try me," said Nathan, eagerly; but his father only pulled his ear, and laughed. The day came at length when the pig was to be killed. He had been stuffed so long, and had grown so fat, that he was the wonder of the neighborhood, and every one was guessing how much the Bodleys' pig would weigh. Nathan strutted about very grandly, whenever the pig was talked of, and yet every once in a while he would look uneasy, and become very sober. He fed him most assiduously the last two or three days of his life, and was once caught carrying out stealthily his own tumbler of milk, for he had overheard some one saying that there was nothing so fattening to a pig as good fresh milk.

When the day came for the pig to be killed, Nathan was in a tumult of excitement. The pig was to be killed on the premises, and not sent to the butcher's. The hot water was all ready in tubs, and Nathan was constantly trying it, to see if he could bear his hand in it. He would not see the final act, though he heard the distant wail, but after a while got up courage to go out to the barn and see the bristles taken off, and all the rest of the long performance. Philippa peeked round the corner once, and immediately ran away, and Lucy would not stir out of the house.

"It's awful, Lucy," was Phippy's report. "He's stretched out stiff, as if he was gasping. Don't you go near him."

"Well, Nathan," said his father, in the evening, "so the pig's killed. How much does he weigh?"

"He weighs three hundred and thirty-seven pounds, sir," said Nathan proudly. "Martin says he's the biggest pig round."

"How big round?" asked Mr. Bodley, laughing; but Nathan said he had not measured.

"Let me see: how much is pork a pound?"

"I don't know," said Nathan, hastily, and he jumped down from his father's knee, and ran out of the room. He opened the door again, and put his head in.

"Twenty-one cents, sir," he said; and off he went, not to come back till tea-time.

It was Christmas Day shortly after this, but for once there was no one at the Bodleys' except their own family. Just before dinner, Nathan slipped into the dining-room very cautiously, and was out again in a moment, and then he began tumbling about the room where the rest were, playing with Nep, the dog, and making a great deal of noise, every once in a while eying his father in a half frightened manner. They went in to dinner. Nathan went last, and then rushed past them all, sat down in his chair, and began eating his bread and drinking water so fast, that Mrs. Bodley discovered him.

"Why, Nathan!" said she. "What a very hungry little boy. I think you can wait till the blessing is asked."

There was silence while Mr. Bodley, who was thinking just then of how even his losses in business had not been without their blessing, gave thanks to God for all His benefits, and for this yearly festival. Then he began to carve the turkey.

"Hullo, what's this?" said he, as he lifted the plate before him, and discovered an envelope. At this moment, Nathan, who had been very red in the face, burst into tears, and cried, — "The pig! the pig!" and rushed hotly out of the room. Mr. Bodley opened the envelope. It had a letter in

it; and as he read it aloud, he had to — yes, he had to blow his nose once or twice, and clear his voice. This was what he read: —

"DEAR FATHER, — The pig is yours. You said you would buy him of me, but you suspended, and I want you to have the pig. I am a little boy, and I can't do much. I wish you would let me be man instead of Martin. The pig weighs 337 pounds. I hope you won't have to leave Roseland.

"Your affectionate son,

"NATHAN BODLEY."

"Where is Nathan?" asked Mr. Bodley. "Call him, Phippy."

"He's behind the door, he won't come in. He's crying like every thing," said the little messenger.

Mr. Bodley got up from the table, and with his wife went out to Nathan, who had done crying now, and began to laugh when his father kissed him, and passed his hand through his hair, and brought him back into the dining-room. It was a merry dinner that they had then, and a happy family that they were in the evening, as they sat round the fire, playing games and telling stories. I dare say the father and mother had many thanks to give that night when they went to bed — thanks that God was teaching their little boy so early, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

HUNTER AND TOM.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXACT MEASURING.

How exact it is necessary to be in finding any particular line, as a state line for instance, or a town line, or a boundary line between two pieces of land, as in the case of Hugo and Tubbie's border, depends upon the circumstances of each case, and the purposes in view. In the course of that summer, the two boys that August told about in his story, had reason to determine the line between them much more exactly than is usual in such cases as theirs. August explained to Elvie the occasion of this special accuracy, as they journeyed along the road.

"It seems that for some little distance along that part of the border where Hugo and Tubbie found by their different measurements that the

boundary line between them would come, though they did not know nearer than within a foot or two where it was, there were the remains of a strawberry bed, of the former year; and on consulting together on the subject, they decided not to dig up this bed, but to clear out the weeds, and loosen up the ground, as well as they could, around the plants, and so let the plants grow, in hopes that they might get some strawberries. Moreover, Hugo's mother, in order to induce the boys to weed out the strawberry bed well, and also to increase their interest in their garden, promised a reward of a new kite string, not less than a hundred yards long, to the boy who would have the largest strawberry in his part of the bed.

"The strawberries which were to compete for this prize, were to be watched while they were growing, and when fully grown, were to be taken

off the vines by the stem below, very carefully, laid each upon a leaf in the bottom of a saucer, and brought into the house to Hugo's mother, to be weighed by her in her little scales.

"The boys were both much pleased with this proposal.

"But what shall we do, mother?" asked Hugo, "if the biggest strawberry happens to grow right opposite the apple-tree? Then it won't belong to either of us."

"Yes," said his mother, "it must belong to one or the other of you, for all the land in the border belongs to you two, and where Tubbie's ends, yours begins. There's no *space* between you, but only a line."

"Then we must measure it again," said Hugo, "and put down a slender stick across the border at the place."

"That would help a great deal," said his mother, "but even that might not be decisive; for your stick would probably be as broad as a strawberry, and the biggest strawberry in the bed might, perhaps, grow directly under or directly over the stick. But that would not be so probable as that the biggest might grow opposite the tree, for the breadth of the trunk of the tree is very considerable."

"Hugo's mother told them, however, that it was not necessary to take the trouble of measuring any more accurately then, for perhaps, there would be no strawberry big enough for the prize growing in that part of the bed. For all the ordinary purposes of their cultivation they knew already, near enough, where the line was. So they need not attempt to ascertain where it was, any more exactly, unless they should find, in the course of the summer, that there was some particular strawberry growing there, which was likely to gain the prize."

"Well," said Elvie, after August had gone thus far in relating his story, "how did it turn out?"

"It so happened, very curiously indeed," said August, "that the biggest strawberry in the whole bed grew just about opposite to the apple-tree, so that for a long time, while it was growing and ripening, neither of the boys could tell certainly on which side of the line it lay, because they did not know exactly where the line was."

I don't think myself that there was any thing specially curious in this big strawberry growing so near the line, since the whole story was made up by August for Elvie's instruction, in order to give him correct and philosophical ideas of the nature of a mathematical line. Accordingly, he could easily make the big strawberry grow where

ever it pleased him; and it was necessary for his purpose, in this case, that it should grow very near the line.

"The boys took sight from the tree," continued August, "in order to get the range of the big strawberry. Hugo thought it was rather more on his side, while to Tubbie it seemed to be more on his. Finally, Tubbie brought his aunt out one day, in order to obtain her opinion. She looked at the tree and looked at the strawberry, and found it very difficult to determine the question.

"Besides," said she, "if we could find out which way the strawberry was from being opposite the middle of the tree, that would not decide the question, for we don't know by any means that the real line of division is opposite the middle of the tree at all. The line of division is three fifths of the way along the border from the wall, wherever that comes, and the best way will be to get the whole space measured more accurately."

"How shall we do it, mother?" asked Hugo.

"I will send the carpenter to do it," said his mother. "There will be a carpenter here to-morrow, and carpenters are accustomed to pretty accurate measuring, — much more accurate than gardeners."

"The reason why carpenters are accustomed to measure so much more accurately than gardeners, is that they work in *wood*, the pieces of which have very exact boundaries, and consist of a substance which will not yield at all, or at least will yield very little. But gardeners work in earth, and pieces of turf, and plants, which are not so precise in their forms, and are much more yielding in their nature."

"On the other hand, workers in brass or iron are still more exact than carpenters in their measurements, for the materials that they work in are much more rigid and intractable than wood, and require much more exact calculations to make the parts fit to their places. A gardener is satisfied generally, in making his measurements, to come within half an inch of the truth. A carpenter measures usually to within one sixteenth of an inch, and a machinist to the hundredth of an inch sometimes, or even more accurately still. Absolute and perfect accuracy is entirely unattainable, for if the measurement does not deviate a hundredth of an inch, or a thousandth of an inch, it will a millionth of an inch, or a ten millionth, or some other extremely minute quantity, that is altogether beyond the reach of our senses."

"The boys were very glad to have the promise of the mother, that the carpenter should come

and measure their border, and so they went out into the garden and resumed their work upon their grounds, each at his own end, expecting the carpenter to come and find the line between them.

"While they were thus engaged, Tubbie walked along to Hugo's part of the border, where Hugo was at work. It happened that Hugo was engaged at this time in a part of his ground, which happened to come about in the middle of the border, between the summer-house and the wall. Tubbie said that he wished his uncle had divided the land equally, for then they could have measured it very easily.

"The line would have then been just in the middle," said he. Then looking first one way and afterward the other, he added,—"It would have come just about here."

"Yes," said Hugo. "I suppose it would."

"Let's measure and see," said Tubbie.

"No," replied Hugo, "that would only take our time to no purpose, for the real line is not here, and it is of no use to spend time in trying to find any imaginary one."

"In the mean time the carpenter came to the house, and Hugo's mother told him about the measuring that she wished to have done in the garden. Her husband had divided the border, she said, between the two boys, so as to give to one two fifths, and the other three fifths of the whole,—that is, so that one should have two thirds as much as the other; and as the boys could not find the line exactly, she wished him to go and find it for them.

"Yes, madame," said the carpenter. "How exact do you wish me to be?"

"How exact are you usually in your measurements?" asked the lady.

"We very seldom have any thing in the way of measuring," answered the carpenter, "that requires us to come nearer than the tenth or the sixteenth of an inch,—that is, for ordinary work; but I suppose that within half an inch would do very well for a garden border."

"But Hugo's mother told him she wished him to be as exact as he could, for the question was about a prize strawberry that was growing near the line, and the boys wished to ascertain on which side of the line it came.

"So the carpenter went into the garden and began to measure. He measured with a very long bar of wood, called a ten-foot pole, and he took great care to mark where the end of the pole came at each application of it, upon a small piece of board, which he laid down upon the border at the right place for this purpose. He made a fine

line upon the board to mark the place where the end of the pole came, by means of the point of a marking awl. In this way he obtained the whole length of the border within the required degree of exactness. Then he made a calculation upon one of the boards, by means of a lead-pencil which he carried in his pocket, and found how much two fifths of the whole distance would be. He then measured this distance very carefully from the summer-house, and lastly, with a sharp chisel, he cut a fine line across the upper edge of the board which extended along the border, between it and the walk.

"There, boys!" said he, "the line is within a tenth of an inch from that cut!"

By this time August began to be a little tired of his story himself, and to think that his purpose in inventing and relating it was pretty well accomplished, namely, that of giving Elvie some correct idea of a line, as something fixed, certain, and real, while yet it was wholly invisible and intangible, and entirely distinct in its nature from any kind of mark, or trench, or visible boundary of any kind, that could be made to represent it. He had, in fact, succeeded very well in this. Elvie understood now quite perfectly that a line was something to be *reasoned about*, and *measured for*,—but not any thing to be found by looking for it in the grass, or digging in the ground.

The ideas which were communicated to him by this conversation, were subsequently of great help to him in starting him right, when, some years afterward, he began to study geometry. For many boys, as August had intimated, in studying geometry, go on for some time before they begin to make any distinction between the lines of which the science treats, and the marks upon the paper of their books, made to represent them. Elvie was, however, very curious to know how the question was decided about the strawberry.

"Oh, that is of no consequence," said August. "The story is not true. I only invented it to help give you a correct idea of a line."

"No matter for that," said Elvie. "At any rate, I want to know how it ended."

"Well—let me think a minute," said August.

"I believe the big strawberry was so nearly opposite to the carpenter's mark that they could not decide after all which side of the line the centre of it came. But this made no difference, in fact, for Hugo's mother had bought *two* kite strings at the beginning, one for each of the boys; and when she offered them one for a prize, she only meant to amuse them and interest them in seeing who would get the biggest strawberry, and then

finally to give them both a kite string. And this she did."

"That was a good way to manage it," said Elvie.

"An excellent way," said August.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

THE boys had enjoyed their journey thus far remarkably well, and they went on two or three days quite prosperously, after they had passed the Connecticut River; but soon after this, Elvie began to be tired of such a slow mode of journeying. He had greatly improved in health and strength since he left home. He had had an excellent appetite for his supper, at the end of every day's ride, and had slept soundly every night, so that the object of the journey had been thus far very successfully accomplished. It was now more than a fortnight since he commenced his journey at Troy, and during all this time, with the exception of Sundays, and one or two rainy days, he had been every day in the saddle. It is not surprising, therefore, that he began to feel a little tired.

One afternoon, as the two boys were riding along a smooth and level piece of road, on their way from Massachusetts into New Hampshire, and not far from the State line, Elvie heard suddenly the sound of a railroad whistle.

"Hark! August," said he, "there is a railroad whistle."

"Yes," said August, "and we must look out for the track."

A moment afterward, in passing around a little turn in the road, they came suddenly upon the track. There was a great sign above, with the words painted upon it,—

RAILROAD CROSSING. LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE.

Under the sign a man was standing by the side of the road, waving a red flag. So August and Elvie reined up the ponies, and waited for the train to pass. They could hear it coming on with a thundering sound, and very soon the white volumes of steam from the escape pipe were seen shooting rapidly along into the air, among the trees and shrubbery, at a little distance from them on the right. A moment afterward, the loco-

tive, and the whole train, came into view. The ponies, having been trained to pay no regard to railroad sights and sounds, stood quite still, and the boys gazed earnestly at the line of cars as they rolled rapidly by. They saw the passengers at the windows. At one window a child was looking out, calling suddenly to her mother to look at the ponies. Through another window they saw two boys eating oranges. At another,



a person was looking at the engravings of a big pictorial paper. The boys had scarcely time to make out these different objects, so swiftly did the succession of cars pass along. In a moment more the train had gone past them, and sweeping majestically round a great curve, it disappeared from view. The boys then began to move on.

"August," said Elvie. "I should like to be travelling in a railroad train just like that."

"We should certainly travel faster in that way than we do with these ponies," replied August.

"Where do you suppose that train was going?" asked Elvie.

"To Boston," said August.

"Well now," said Elvie, after a moment's pause, "if it were not for giving up, I would like not to travel any farther with the ponies, but to go to Boston in one of these trains."

"What do you mean by giving up?" asked August.

"I mean setting out to go to the White Mountains, and not getting there. If we should give up our journey here, father would think that I had not any perseverance."

August did not answer for a moment. He seemed to be thinking. He was thinking, in fact, whether the giving up of such a journey as this, when it began to be tiresome, would or would not necessarily imply a want of perseverance.

"There is such a thing as perseverance," he said at length, "and there is such a thing as obstinacy. What do you suppose is the difference between them?"

"Perseverance is right," said Elvie, "and obstinacy is wrong."

"Yes," rejoined August. "I don't know but that we might say, if we were making a distinction, that perseverance is persistence in doing right, and obstinacy is persistence in doing wrong."

"I suppose that is it," said Elvie.

"But here is a case," said August, "where the thing to be done, that is, going on to the White Mountains, is, in itself, neither right nor wrong. The only question is, whether it would be advantageous or useless."

August and Elvie went on talking for some time on this point, though their ideas were not very clear and well defined. The truth is, that while persisting in a wrong thing is obstinacy, persisting in a useless thing is folly. It is only persistence in what is good, or what tends reasonably to some useful end, that is to be considered a praiseworthy perseverance. The question, therefore, which August had to consider, was, whether Elvie's going on with his journey to the proposed end of it, after it ceased to afford him pleasure, would be likely to benefit his health, and this depended on the question whether the pleasurable excitement of such a tour, was one of the points on which the beneficial effect of it depended, — or whether it was the mere physical* influence of out-door air and exercise, on which the improvement depended. August said nothing more on the subject at that time, but reflected upon it a good deal in the course of the afternoon; and that evening, while they were at the tea-table, at the tavern where they stopped for the night, he informed Elvie of the conclusion that he had come to.

"I was very glad, Elvie," said he, "to find that

* The word *physical*, in such a connection as this, does not mean *medicinal*. It refers to what has an influence on the *body* merely, in contradistinction from that which affects the *mind*.

you wish to do what will please your father, about going on to the end of this journey; and I am not certain whether, if he knew how it was exactly, he would think it best for you to go on, or not. So I think you had better write a letter to him, in which you can state the case fairly, and then leave it for him to decide what you had better do. To-morrow night we shall come to a large town named Keene, where a railroad passes, leading directly to Boston. We can ask your father to send his answer there. We shall have to wait one day there for it. Then, if he says he would rather you would not go on with the ponies any further, we can take the first train the next day, and go to Boston. If he says he would rather you *would* go on, then I know you will persevere, and go on horseback as far as he wishes you to go, — if it is to Halifax."

"I should like to go to Halifax," said Elvie.

"Whatever he says, we will do," said August, "and you can write your letter to him this evening."

Elvie wished to have August write the letter, but August preferred that Elvie should write it himself, or, at least, write a part of it. He would add a postscript, he said. Thus, by the conjoint labors of both the boys, the letter was written. The purport of it was, that Elvie had had an excellent time thus far, but that now he was beginning to get somewhat tired of travelling in that way. It was not the fatigue that tired him, but the *sameness*, now that they had got out from among the mountains, and into the smooth and beautiful country of the Connecticut Valley. Elvie said, however, that if his father thought it best for him, he would go on to the White Mountains, or anywhere else; or, if his father liked it just as well, he would prefer to go to Boston in one of the trains from Keene. The letter concluded with requesting Mr. Grant to direct his answer to Keene, New Hampshire. The letter having been written, and then carefully revised and corrected, was enveloped, stamped, and sealed, and then the boys went out together and deposited it in the letter-box at the post-office.

The next day they went to Keene. Elvie had expected that it would be tedious, waiting a day at Keene, but he found a great deal to amuse and occupy him there. In the forenoon, he and August went a-fishing. In the afternoon, they went to the depot, and amused themselves a long time in watching the arrivals and departures of the trains, and the various movements to and fro, of the locomotives and freight cars at the station.

That evening, when the mail came in, the boys

went to the post-office. They were obliged to wait for fifteen minutes, before the mail was opened and distributed. At length the delivery of the letters commenced, and they soon received theirs. It was addressed to Master August Rodman and Master Elphinstone Grant, and was as follows:—

"NEW YORK, October 15, 1859.

"DEAR BOYS,— Your joint letter of the 13th is received. Am glad to hear of your good health, and of the prosperity of your journey thus far. I am inclined to think that riding on horseback continuously for a fortnight, is enough, and that some change would be better for you now. Indeed, the doctor tells me he considers it quite important for a convalescent, that no one kind of exercise or recreation should be continued after it ceases to be attractive and agreeable.

"He is a sensible doctor, I think, to wish to make his remedies agreeable.

"At any rate, so he decides; and you may turn about at Keene, and come home in any way you like. You can bring on the ponies with you by the train to Boston, and from there send them to New York by express. Then you can yourselves come home by any of the railroad or steamboat lines that you prefer.

"There are three railroad lines that you can choose from, in coming from Boston: 1. Across the country to Albany, and then down the North River. 2. By way of Hartford and Springfield. 3. By way of Norwich, New London, and New Haven.

"And there are three steamboat routes that you can choose from: 1. The Norwich route. 2. The Stonington route. 3. The Fall River route.

"Study out all these routes upon the map, and then decide.

"Or, if you wish to make your return home longer and more adventurous, you can take a sail-

ing vessel, and come all the way by sea, around Cape Cod. You may be a week in coming this way, and that will give you quite a little voyage. Consider the whole subject carefully, and write me from Boston what you decide.

"Yours very affectionately,

"JOHN GRANT."

"Let us go by the voyage," said Elvie, eagerly, as soon as August had finished reading the letter. "We will go in the sailing vessel, round Cape Cod."

"We'll think about that," said August. "Your father says that we must consider the whole subject carefully, and *then* decide."

The next morning the two boys took the ponies to the station, and the men there made arrangements for putting them into a sort of platform carriage, inclosed on all sides, to take them to Boston. The boys took places for themselves, of course, in the passenger car. In due time the train arrived safely in Boston, and the next morning an hostler from the stable of the hotel where they put up, took the ponies, all saddled and bridled, to one of the express offices, and delivered them there, to be forwarded to New York by express.

The boys spent several hours after this in looking at the advertisements in the papers, for sailing vessels going to New York, and in rambling about among the wharves, to see those that were advertised. They found several that they thought would do very well, but the one that chiefly pleased them, was a schooner named the *Mary Ann*. After mature reflection, they determined to take passage in this schooner. They were four days in making the voyage, and at the end of that time they arrived safely in New York, having met with a variety of interesting adventures by the way.

THE NEW STOVE.

ALL the family had breakfasted but Pepper, and he was having his. Every morning he came and sat on his hind legs, holding up his fore paws in mute petition. Fairy, the white kitty, with a silken collar of blue or scarlet, discarding for the moment her frisky ways and graces, would come and sit demurely by him, and hold up her cunning little paws. She received her nice bit, and quickly compensated herself for such un-kitten-

like quiet, by a giddy, fascinating chase for her tail. Mr. Newton called Pepper up into a high wicker chair by him, pinned a napkin about his neck, placed his gold spectacles over the terrier's keen little eyes, and then offered him potato. Pepper disliked potato or bread, but he loved Mr. Newton; and the mingled sentiment of affection and hopeful expectation of something better, helped him to swallow the unrelished morsels.

He was very fond of sweets, and most unthrifflily spent all the pennies that were given him, at Miss Staples's little store. This morning he finished his potato, had his sugared waffle, said his "thank you," which *he* never forgot, and then bounded away, a welcome playfellow of the merry group in the hall.

"Those clouds indicate rain," said Mr. Newton.

"Oh," said his wife, "if it should be a cold rain, we shall need the dining-room stove very much. I wish Mr. Blackman would send it out."

"I'll stop again this morning," he replied, "and give that memory of his another jog, and I'll try to make it an emphatic one."

That afternoon the stove came, and its cheerful warmth and ruddy glow banished the gloom and dreariness of the early twilight, when the wind dashed the autumn leaves, and the first great drops of rain against the windows. "Drawn curtains, a clear fire, a softly shining lamp, gave" to the spacious room "its evening charm." After tea the children were gathered admiringly about the stove, when Essie exclaimed, — "Who is this on the stove?"

"Where?" and they all ran around to Essie's side.

"This," said Essie: "she's a woman or a girl, or somebody, and there's an animal by her, and she has something on her shoulder."

"Oh," said Matthew, "that's Diana!" Mat-



thew was in the High School, and was authority for the younger ones.

"Well, who is that?" they persisted.

"Oh, she's one of the goddesses of the ancients; they are the ones, you know, who lived years and years ago, and talked Latin all the time. Mr. Andrews was telling us about her last week. He said she was Goddess of the Night, and wore a crescent — the shape of the new moon, you know — on her forehead. He said she was goddess of the forests, and of hunting too; that is her dog, and that on her shoulders is a quiver of arrows. I know, because he showed us a picture like that in his Mythology. He said she rode in a golden chariot, drawn by four very large and handsome stags, with antlers and harnesses of gold."

"Oh-h-h! would n't I like that!" shouted Mark, whose imagination was captivated by such a magnificent equipage. "What else did she do?"

"Oh, ever so many things. I can't remember them. There's Uncle Jamie! He'll tell you," said Matthew, summarily shuffling off his audience, whose interest was getting irksome. Uncle Jamie had been to college, and he had an unflagging fund of stories, information, and games, and of good nature too, so that the children went to him without misgiving, for help or entertainment.

"Uncle," said Mark, eagerly, "can't you tell us something more about Diana?"

"Yes, I can, but I'm afraid you won't be interested; it is n't anything like 'the Picinnies, and the Goblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum.'"

"We don't care if it is n't," said Mark, laughing afresh at the recollection of the sonorous nonsense which, an evening or two before, they had vainly tried to repeat together.

"Very well," said Uncle Jamie; "Matthew told you she was a goddess. The people who lived in Greece and Italy had no knowledge of God. They saw in nature so many mysteries, and so much that was beyond any thing man could do, that they felt there must be some higher power. But instead of attributing it, as we do, to one great mind, they imagined it the work of beings whom they called gods and goddesses. They had the forms of men and women, only they were very much larger, for the ancients admired giant-like forms. They could also make themselves appear larger or smaller, or disguise themselves as animals or birds, and even make themselves invisible. They only used their chariots when they were going on long journeys, or when they wished to make an especial display of magnificence. Ordinarily, when they visited, they wore their golden shoes; and they compensated for their fine appearance abroad, by going bare-

footed at home. They fed upon ambrosia, which gave eternal youth to those who ate it, and quenched their thirst with nectar. There were deities of the forest, the sea, the storm, the harvests, light, darkness, flowers, insects, every thing. They were, as we are, hungry, tired, happy, sad, or angry. They were rather dangerous acquaintance, for, if they became offended at any thing, they were possessed of so much power that they could take dreadful revenge. For instance, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was also skilled in spinning, weaving, and embroidery. By the way, sister, I think those ancients were shrewd people; they made one goddess the patroness both of learning and of feminine accomplishments. It was a significant blending, and I think literary ladies would do well to remember it, and make themselves as familiar with the delicate mysteries of kitchen chemistry, as they are with their libraries."

"And I think," merrily retorted Mrs. Newton, glancing at her grave husband, "that literary gentlemen would do well not to forget their errands to 'the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.'"

"But Minerva!" said Mark, impatient at the digression.

"Yes, we will go back to Minerva. There was a young girl named Arachné, whom Minerva taught to weave, and she at last became so skilled that she boastfully challenged her teacher to a trial. Minerva tried to dissuade her, but she would not change her mind, and the challenge was accepted. Arachné's success was complete; and Minerva, despairing of weaving any thing so beautiful, angrily tore the fabric in pieces; whereupon Arachné, poor, foolish thing, hung herself. Minerva, repenting of her ill temper, changed Arachné into a spider, that still spins its shining thread, and weaves its bits of gossamer.

"One of Diana's names was Hecaté, and, as goddess of the unseen world, she was believed to wander by night on the confines of earth, invisible to mortals, but seen by dogs, who announced the vision by barking."

"I think she must have been out last night," said Matthew, "for the dogs for two miles about barked outrageously, and Pepper, naughty fellow, made noise enough to waken 'the seven sleepers.'"

Pepper, whose sleep was not so profound but that he could hear any part of the conversation that interested him, raised himself alertly at the mention of his name, but his wagging tail dropped, and he himself went down with a very dejected

air, as soon as his quick ear caught the intonation of reproach. "Query," continued Matthew, "who were 'the seven sleepers?' any relatives of the somnolent Rip?"

"No, he was but a puny inheritor of their talent for sleeping, since, according to the legend, their slumbers lasted ten times as long as his."

"Ho!" said Mark, after a little mental arithmetic, "who believes that? I don't. Where could they go to get such a nap?"



"To a cavern. They were young men belonging to the patrician families of Ephesus at the time Decius was emperor, and that was two hundred and fifty years after Christ. His reign lasted but two years, but it is unpleasantly immortalized by a fearful persecution of the Christians. To escape its rigor, these seven young men fled to a cavern. Their retreat was discovered, and they were walled in, and left to the cruel martyrdom of starvation.

"More than two centuries afterward, their bodies were accidentally disinterred, and the expression so commonly used for death, — 'fallen asleep,' — was misinterpreted by a heathen populace, and it soon became an established story that they were preserved in a miraculous sleep for two hundred years, and were as wonderfully awakened, to the amazement of those who saw them."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mark, whose slender stock of patience was sorely tried by these frequent lapses from the main topic, "how you do talk about other things. I guess our Composition teacher would tell you to 'stick to the subject.'"

"I confess we do get off very often," Uncle Jamie acknowledged, "but with you for a mentor, we shall not stray far nor long."

"What do you mean by a mentor?" asked Mark. "No, I don't want to know, either," he said, a little confusion mantling his cheek, as he saw the smile that convicted him of "getting off;" "at least, not till we have heard the rest of Diana."

"Some evening," resumed their uncle, "we will go out and look at the constellation Orion. You can very easily find it, from the three bright stars equally distant and in a line, that form his



belt. It is said that Diana loved Orion, and was engaged to marry him. Her brother Apollo did n't approve the match, and was resolute in his decision that she should not marry him, and she just as resolutely determined she would. Orion's father, who was a god also, had given him power to walk through the deepest seas. One day when he was a long way out, so that only his head was above the water, Apollo, sitting on the shore, recognized him. He called Diana to him, and told her she could not hit that black thing out on the water. You know she was a huntress, and

of course very skillful in using her bow and arrow. She resented his taunt, and taking accurate aim, her bow sped with fatal swiftmess. When the waves brought his lifeless body to the beach, she knew what she had done. She was overcome with anguish and repentance, and immortalized her dead lover by placing him among the stars."

"But," said little Ruth, "how could she? God made the stars."

"Yes, Ruth, He did. This is n't any of it true, you know."

"Why, Uncle Jamie! then I should n't think you'd tell us. It's wrong to tell things that are not true."

"Yes it is, dear, if you tell people, and wish to have them believe them. I think I'd better not tell you any more fairy stories. They are not true."

"Oh, we know they are not. We don't believe them; only sometimes I can't help wishing I might, and that I had a little fairy doll that I could put in my pocket, and that would do every thing for me; things that trouble me, I mean."

"Do you think you would be as happy as you are now? Don't you enjoy the feeling that success brings, when you have made an effort?"

"Yes, sir, I enjoy that; but I don't like to have to try."

"Essie, how would you like a little silver doll?"

"Oh, I think that would be perfectly beautiful! Where did you ever see one?" Essie was an enthusiast among dolls, and she was as choice of her collection as Uncle Jamie was of his herbarium. There were some with eyes that would open and shut; some with jointed bodies, so that they sat with great propriety in their high backed arm-chairs; one with shining flaxen curls, tied with the narrowest scarlet ribbon; and one that whirled like a crazy clock, as it walked with military stiffness over the table. She would have been delighted to add a silver doll to the number, though they passed their days in lonely grandeur. She had the most comfort with her every-day dolls; "creatures not too bright and good" to be played with and disciplined.

"I have never seen one, Essie, but the Ephesians had little doll-like images of Diana, 'silver shrines.' I can make you a picture of one."

The children watched the progress of the drawing with great interest, and when it was finished, they exclaimed, "Why, that is n't like the one on the stove!"

"No," said Uncle Jamie. "They are differ-

ent, though they have the same name. This Diana was a Persian goddess, and she had at Ephesus a temple so magnificent, that it was one of 'the seven wonders of the world.' It was erected at the head of the port, and commanded the admiration of mariners and voyagers, who brought to this opulent city spicery, rare woods, perfumes, and dyes, and bright-hued tapestries of silk and wool, from uncouth oriental looms. It was built at immense expense, with colonnades of purest marble, each column the gift of a king, and many of them richly sculptured. The temple was beautified with statues by their most famous sculptors, the richest paintings of their artists, and uncounted treasures of precious stones, gold, and silver. And in the midst of all this splendor the goddess was enshrined, 'an ugly, old, black image of wood,' and she was said to have fallen from heaven. It is thought the wood was ebony, and it was 'preserved from decay by resinous gums, inserted in cavities made for the purpose.' Once a year, in the month of May, they had a great festival in her honor, and then the Ephesians sold such numbers of silver shrines to travelers who came to the festivities, that it was a very profitable business. They were bought as mementoes, just as people now bring home relics and souvenirs of their trips. The third year of Paul's stay at Ephesus, the dealers in these 'holy trinkets' found, to their dismay and indignation, that his preaching was interfering very seriously with their sales, because he taught that 'they be no gods which are made with hands.' One of the silversmiths, Demetrius, called the workmen together, and made quite an exciting speech. In a city full of strangers, it was very easy to find a great many idlers, who were glad of something to relieve their dullness, and they went, a noisy rabble, through the city, shouting 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' till the whole city was in a tumult. At last they reached the theatre, an immense structure, that would accommodate fifty thousand people. None of those vast edifices of the ancients were roofed. The seats were ranged one above another, and the audience protected themselves by umbrellas or temporary awnings. They stayed there two hours, shouting incessantly, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' At last, when they were hoarse and out of breath, they stopped their clamor, the town clerk addressed them, and he spoke like a very sensible man. He told them every body knew that the Ephesians

worshipped Diana, and there was no need of vociferating about it in that way; that they could n't give any good reason for such an uproar, and that they were 'in danger of being called in question' for their behavior that day. Then he sent them home, and I don't doubt some of them felt very foolish as they went."

Just then Ruth finished an astonishing yawn.

"Ah," said her uncle, "there's Willie Winkie."

"Yes," said Mrs. Newton, "the cat's singing gray thrums to the sleeping hen, and my little ones must be singing their evening hymn."

It was Rachel's evening to "choose," and she immediately commenced her favorite, —

" Little birds sleep sweetly
In their soft, round nests;
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.
Little lambs lie quiet
All the summer night,
With their watchful mothers, —
Warm, and soft, and white.

" But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.
And their sweet, soft voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker,
And we shut our eyes.

" And we play at evening
Round our fathers' knees:
Birds are not so merry,
Singing in the trees,
Lambs are not so happy
'Mid the meadow flowers;
They have play and pleasure,
But no love like ours.

" 'Tis the heart that's loving
Works of love will do;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honor, too;
To our fathers' teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mothers' bidding
Cheerfully obey.

" For when in His childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He, too, was obedient
To a mother dear.
And His little children
Must be good as He,
Gentle and submissive,
As He used to be."

When their hymn was finished, the little ones went chirping about the room, leaving their good-night kisses, and were soon lost in such sweet sleep as only loving, happy childhood knows.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO CLIO.

I KNOW a delightful old lady, with a calm, unwrinkled brow, keen eyes, and a heart as young and fresh as a school-girl's, who, besides having the great merit of always being "at home" to visitors, has never been known to refuse when asked to tell a story. She has a grand magic lantern, with which she delights her friends, making the pictures large or small at will, sometimes turning the blaze of her patent reflector full upon them, and sometimes showing such dim and confused scenes, that one feels sure there is dust on her lenses, or else that the picture was somehow slipped out of focus.

Often have I sat in the deepening shadows of evening, watching, one by one, the marvelous pictures she conjures upon her walls; and often I've listened for hours to the strange, thrilling tales she is always so ready to tell.

Strange to say, one of the greatest charms of this charming old lady is her antiquity. She and her eight sisters, under their family name of the *Muses*, were worshipped ages ago by the Greeks, who proclaimed them goddesses of the liberal arts. Instead of being decrepit and forgetful, like other very aged persons, she grows more vigorous every year, and is deaf and weak-sighted only when it suits her purpose to be so. Her voice is clear as a clarion's, and her eye is sharper than the eagle's. You have no idea how far the old lady can see — backward, I mean, of course; for, oddly enough, her gaze can never penetrate even an inch in advance. She must always look back, else be blind as the eyeless fishes in Mammoth Cave.

Clio, the ancients called her; a pretty name, though we confess it begins to sound rather old-fashioned. But, being one of the *Muses*, and the *Muse of History* at that, any ordinary name, such as Dobbs or Brown, would be quite unsuited to her dignity. Perhaps this was why she came to be called Clio, from a Greek word signifying glory and renown; qualities which, you must know, she deals out to her pets just as freely as other old ladies distribute candies and buns.

It is delightful to hear Clio tell of her favorites; of their deeds, their greatness, and the part they played in the world. Sometimes, too, her brows gather and darken as she recounts the lives of wicked men, like Nero and the Duke of Alva. But while you listen, have your wits about you; sift what you hear, and never trust your judgment of right and wrong solely to her

keeping. You will need your wits for still another reason; her stories are so many, and so well worth remembering, that to hear them carelessly is to abuse a great privilege.

The other night I went to see this good dame Clio in my sleep. What a queer, queer visit it was! Such a funny jumble of a story as she gave me! The old lady evidently had something on her mind; she is generally so clear, though a little apt to repeat herself. But her muse-ship has been very much occupied of late in watching American affairs, and her list of new heroes is as long as your arm. Besides this, she remarked that there was such an unusual "stirring up" taking place all over the world, it was enough to drive any respectable muse crazy, especially when her spectacles were made by all sorts of bunglers, and, any way, she could n't see an inch before her nose. Hearing all this, I, of course, considerably begged her to tell me a story about the past, and let the present go, and — what *do* you think she did?

Why, she immediately jumped up, and after muttering something about slavery, and iron-clads, and Bismarck, and needle-guns, began to shake down a great shower of books on my head! They did n't hurt me (I suppose they were bewitched, or something of that kind), but they opened and shut, and danced about me like thousands of printed snow-flakes, showing me a few names and words here and there, bringing up all sorts of old school-time memories, frightening me, puzzling me, making me laugh, and setting my head in a remarkable whirl. After a while, I could hear Clio's voice distinctly amid all the buzzing and fluttering, and this is the story she told me: —

Once upon a time there lived on the Vernon Mountain, in North America, a good little boy named Napoleon Bonaparte, who never, by any chance, would tell an untruth, nor trample upon the rights of any other little boy. So, one day, as a reward for his bravery in crossing the Delaware River, in spite of the ice, and some naughty boys who were anxious to fight him, his father presented him with a beautiful new hatchet, at the same time charging him to be very careful to do no mischief with it, and on no account to cut any thing in-doors nor out.

Napoleon thanked him dutifully, and started off in search of adventures, meantime invoking his

patron Saint Helena to be kind enough to inform him what on earth a good boy like him could properly cut under the circumstances.

Soon afterward, his uncle, Sir Isaac Newton, chanced to be walking in one of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which was full of children. Suddenly he espied a pear-tree with an ugly gash cut in its trunk.

"Who did this?" cried Sir Isaac, in a voice of wrath.

"I did n't sir," answered little Julius Cæsar, who was near by trying to manage his new hobby-horse Bucephalus. The poor child had just been crying bitterly because his father had given every boy in the neighborhood a flogging, and left none for him to pommel.

"Nor I!" shouted his cousin Alexander, who, sad to relate, was afterwards murdered by a German named Brutus. (This man was a glutton, and flew into a passion at Alexander because the boy said reproachfully that Brutus always ate two of every thing, even if there were only enough on the table to go around once.)

"Nor I," pouted little Cleopatra, who was "playing soldiers" on the path with a box of wooden Frenchmen.

"Nor I," sobbed Joan of Arc, who had just carelessly suffered herself to be stung by an asp.

"Somebody did it! Do you hear?" shouted Sir Isaac, turning very red.

"I did n't, anyhow," retorted young Columbus, pausing a moment in his game of "Shoot the Tyrant," and knocking the end of his bow on the ground, by way of emphasis.

"Neither did I," muttered Master William Tell, then busily engaged in balancing an egg on the flag-stones. He could n't possibly have chopped the tree, for he had just been off on a long sail, with some other boys, in search of a northwest passage to Plymouth Rock.

"Guess he did it hisself," hissed a pugnacious little fellow, in a muddy cloak. "Don't you, Liz?"

The girl thus addressed had been busily planting potatoes and tobacco in a new patch, but she tossed her head indignantly and assured him she wished "none of his familiarity."

"Oho! Beg your pardon, Miss Elizabeth Raleigh. Mighty grand, ain't you? Perhaps I ain't royal blood, nor nothin'. I'll let you know, Miss, the Tudors are as good as the Raleighs any day."

"For shame, Walter!" exclaimed the tender-hearted Nero. "How can you speak so rudely to a girl!"

"She began it, did n't she? so stop your preaching."

Thereupon Nero began to cry, and, as he was a general favorite, all the children crowded about him in great excitement, some laughing, some scolding, and all making as much noise as they could.

"Silence!" roared Sir Isaac, now in a tremendous rage. "I insist upon knowing who hacked this pear-tree!"

"Flog every one of them, Ike!" called out King Henry the Eighth, a crusty old bachelor, who chanced to be standing near, whittling the head off of a pretty Spanish doll.

"No, no; try moral suasion first," put in a soothing voice. It was Pope Pius VI., who had just returned from his wedding tour, after marrying his eighth wife.

But the infuriated man did not heed them. He was glaring fiercely up and down the garden.

Just then a small boy was seen rising from his knees on a graveled by-path, where he had been innocently pounding ant-hills with his hatchet.

"Ha! you young rascal! There you are, are you? Now, sir, perhaps you can tell me something about this matter. Who gashed this pear-tree?"

"I DID, SIR!" replied the boy, without an instant's hesitation, coolly stooping to brush the dust from his trousers.

"Aha! Now, sir, for doing this atrocious thing, you shall have the honor of having the smallest lady apple in the garden shot from the top of your head, and your father's bow shall send the arrow."

Napoleon shuddered, but concluded his only chance was to stand firm and not dodge.

Sir Isaac started off in search of an apple. One had just fallen from the tree, and Master Benjamin Franklin was gazing at it in great astonishment, because, in falling, it had gone down instead of up.

Galvani, a celebrated kite-flier, who had cured Benjamin of the cruel habit of torturing toads, was watching the boy with great interest.

"I have it!" cried young Franklin, at last, looking with beaming eyes into the angry face of Sir Isaac. "It's the attraction of gravitation!"

"Attraction of fiddlesticks!" was the contemptuous retort; "give me that apple, sir."

It was handed over at once, and placed upon the now bristling head of young Napoleon. Every one, great and little, stood transfixed with

curiosity and horror. His father, who was supported on the trying occasion by his dear friend, Geasler, was at least two hours in taking aim. The arrow was on its way at last, making a bee line for Napoleon's right eye, when —

A beautiful Indian maiden, named Charlotte Corday, rushed forward with a wild cry of "Erin go Bragh," and threw her arms around the victim's neck.

The arrow, which had been made expressly for the use of the Knights of the Round Table, at once politely paused, and fell to the earth. Sir Isaac seized his favorite sword, Excalibar, and rushed frantically about, killing Crusaders. Soon, in deep remorse, he called for a cup of poisonous hemlock, swallowed it, and, rudely turning his back to the company, gathered his mantle about him and fell. Young Napoleon was sent the next day to a boarding-school, kept by the an-

cient Druids; and, in time, his great-grandson, Pompey the Cruel, who beheaded Sir William Herschel for inventing the safety-lamp, caused a monument to be reared to his memory, which, to this day, is known as the Pillar of Hercules.

Did you ever hear such a queer story as that? Is it true? Did any thing like it ever happen? Were these real flesh-and-blood people? Clio certainly told it to me as a true story. She may not be pleased with me for repeating it, especially as I paid her rather a poor compliment in seeking her company when I was not wide awake. But will not some of you boys and girls go to her and ask for an explanation? Perhaps she just threw it out as a kind of snarled skein for us to disentangle; perhaps — there, I'm getting sleepy again. Good night.

FAX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TING-A-LING."



It was a lovely spring day on which I brought home my little puppy, Fax. The skies were as blue, the breeze was as gentle, and the violets

and daffodils perfumed the air as delicately as though I had been carrying to my home a gentle dove. As he lay upon my lap, looking so soft

and quiet, with his beautiful ears almost covering his head, nearly every one in the car seemed to be admiring him. A little girl came over to me, and patted him, and I am sure that had I given him to her, she would have jumped for joy, for although she did not ask for him, her eyes most certainly looked the request. But I did not make the offer, and if I were sure that that little girl had grown up with fond recollections of a happy childhood, I should feel rewarded for having refused her that little pup.

He was rather young to be separated from his mother, — a beautiful black setter, — but I was urged to take him away thus early, because he tyrannized over his brothers and sisters, being twice as big as any of them. They were all little black setters, while he was white, with liver-colored spots, looking like a pointer, and acting like a bear. I named him "*Fax mentis incendium Glorie*,"* that being the motto of a society to which I belonged, and a very good name for a dog. When we were in a hurry for him to come (or go), we did not generally call him by his whole name. As he grew up, he presented some very peculiar physical characteristics. He had the head of a hound, the ears of a spaniel, the fore legs of a setter, and the body and hind-quarters of a pointer. But his mental characteristics were still more peculiar, and it is these that have prompted me to attempt to sketch the biography of this eccentric dog.

For some time after his entrance into our family, he was nothing more than a playful puppy, distinguishing himself chiefly by his love for eating, and his disregard of moral, or any other kind of suasion. His first remembered exploit showed the early dawning of philosophic principles upon his untutored mind. One day, astonished by loud yells from a closet beneath the kitchen dresser, the cook ran to the spot, and found Fax with the wide handle of a gridiron firmly fixed between his jaws. Knowing his voracious habits, she became instantly impressed with the idea that he had been trying to swallow the gridiron; and taking hold of the utensil by one of its legs, and of Fax by one of his, she endeavored to separate them. But the effort was in vain, and I had to be called to the rescue. After some trouble, I released the dog, who had evidently considered that the smell of meat, be it ever so faint, presupposed the existence of taste, and that, if he chewed long enough, he could get juice out of a gridiron. We lived in a country house, near a city, and there being plenty of

room for the sports and pastimes of the young Fax, he did not meet with that early condemnation which would have been his fate had his quarters been more confined. His former owner, once coming on a visit, was astonished at the dog's growth and activity, and stooped to pat the playful creature, who, admiring his coat sleeve, which was lined with silk, made a sudden snap, and tore off nearly six inches of it.

This fondness for dress seemed to grow upon him. Nearly every morning, some of the family would come, half-dressed, into the halls or on the stairs, exclaiming, "Who took my shoe?" "Where is my other stocking?" "I say, who's dot my towsis?" In such cases, Fax would invariably prove to be the thief, and the only way in which to discover the missing articles was to walk about under the trees in a part of the grounds to which Fax seemed particularly attached. The dog would follow, apparently actuated by an innocent desire to see what was going on; but the moment you set foot on or near a certain low heap of leaves and grass, he would fly at your boots with a growl and a snap. After he had retired with a slight kick and a yelp, the shoe or stocking would be found, nicely hidden under the heap. Many articles, including a *porte-monnaie*, inclosing a small sum, were never found. He always hid away what he did not require; even bones, apparently entirely finished, were covered up for a rainy day. In fact, it became unpleasant to walk within the bounds of his museum, so numerous were his deposits, and so constant his vigilance.

It must not be supposed that his demeanor was fretful or vicious; no more good-humored looking dog ever welcomed a friend. We had another dog, Captain, a large, noble fellow, who was generally chained in the day-time, on account of certain prejudices entertained by our visitors, and it was interesting to observe the different receptions accorded by the dogs to a stranger entering our gates. Captain would roar at him, bound the full length of his chain, and tug and struggle to break loose, that he might crack every bone in his body. Fax, on the contrary, would run to meet the person, as though he had known him intimately for several years, wagging his tail and hind quarters, as if simple tail-wagging were too slight a welcome for so distinguished a guest. As he went capering and mincing down the path, his every gesture seemed to say, "Why, how *do* you do? How glad we shall all be to see you! Every thing is ready for you; there are chickens and hot rolls for tea; we have a spare bed, if

* The torch of the mind lights us to glory.

you will only stay." Then, still wagging himself about the pleased visitor, he would drop a little behind, and have him by the leg before he could say Jack Robinson.

It may be supposed that we would wish to get rid of a dog with such obtrusive traits as these, and that we would give him away. So we did, frequently: once to a person who thought of bringing him up as a hunting-dog. When his new owner got him home, he tied him in a shed and went away. On being left alone, Fax became homesick, and with teeth and nails tore off several of the rather loose boards on the side of the shed. Seeing this unusual proceeding, and believing that he intended to demolish the shed, a little girl ran out with some food to pacify him. Fax lay still until she came near him, and then, with a rush, took off nearly all her clothes so neatly, that she might have gone to bed if she had wanted to. After this, the women of the house thought it best to let him loose, which they did, in some way, from the outside of the shed, and Fax scampered home without so much as wagging his tail to them. Several other attempts to benevolently dispose of him met with like results.

His length and strength of jaw were remarkable. When he opened his mouth it would seem as though he opened his whole head, and when he shut it, it came to with a snap like a trunk lid. If he went with any of us to a house where there was a garden, we would leave him on the outside of the gate, apparently contented to wait for us. But as soon as he saw our backs, he would examine the palings, and in a moment he would wrench one off at the bottom, and, bounding in, insist on paying his respects to the family, and, as far as possible, to all they had. Of course, for this and many other like tricks he received punishment, but it made no permanent impression on him.

He liked to see all that was going on, and made many private examinations into matters that did not concern him in the least. There was never a plant set out or transplanted in his presence, but he thought a bone, or some other valuable commodity, was certainly buried in the hole. Else why did we cover it up so carefully, and put a plant on top, to make it look natural? The investigations that he made, consequent upon such reasoning, frequently cost both him and us quite dearly. An acquaintance brought me some seeds—cherry-stones, enormous chestnuts, acorns, and the like—from various foreign lands. Curious to see what they would bring forth, I carefully

planted them in a sheltered spot, driving down a wooden label by each one, and also entering their names and order in the bed in a memorandum book. They came up very rapidly, for Fax had them all out of the ground two minutes after I had left the spot, and cracking each one with his teeth, and finding all worthless, dropped them here and there. Then making a large hole in the centre of the bed (he liked to work in soft ground), he planted therein the spinal column of a large fish, as a satire, I suppose, on my performance.

Fax had a very extensive acquaintance, but especially among the nearest shopkeepers, by whom he was not known to be loved, nor named exactly in terms of praise. He believed, to a certain extent, in a community of property, which doctrine was not generally accepted in that part of the country.

As he grew older, his intellect became keener, and he performed many deeds which even astonished us, who thought we knew him so well.

The large dog, Captain, who, chained by day, had his liberty at night, was, in the hot months, always muzzled before being let loose, on account of the dog-catchers from the city making occasional morning forays into our neighborhood. Fax never muzzled. If any dog-catcher could have lassoed him, we would have felt surprised, but resigned. We frequently found, on chaining Captain in the morning, that his muzzle was off, and hanging by a strap from his neck. How this happened we could not imagine, for Captain was not a dog that most persons would wish to unmuzzle, and he had not pulled it off in any way, for the buckle was always unfastened. Noticing that Fax always watched with great interest the muzzling operation, and that the two dogs immediately went off together, I watched them, one moonlight night, and distinctly saw Captain lie down on the grass, a little distance from the house, and Fax deliberately go to work and unbuckle one strap with his teeth, and then pull the muzzle over Captain's nose, after which they both galloped around the grounds in high glee.

Such feats as these might meet with leniency, and even admiration, but the dog began to show himself a bold robber. Often has he entered the dining-room, just as the servant had rung the bell and retired for a moment before the family assembled, and mounting a chair, selected what he liked the best, and made off with it. A whole pound of butter, which he once stole in this way, and tried to swallow bodily on being discovered, made him very sick. Another time, he took an

entire steak from the fire, where it was cooking. Nothing was sacred to him. He became a nuisance. One Sunday, as with a well-dressed crowd I was going to church, I found Fax following me. Knowing that he never entered a church, I took no particular notice of him; but happening to look back a second time, I saw him at my heels with a twist loaf in his mouth! He had been in the shop of an irreligious baker in those few minutes. This was too much for my sense of propriety, and as I failed utterly to drive him off, and began to attract considerable attention, I was obliged to go down a side street, and so home. That dog was never abashed. I have seen him chase chickens into the very houses of their owners, and before their astonished eyes, pin the poor fowls to the floor. Of course, at such times, I did not wish any one to think that I was acquainted with the dog. He was not renowned in battle, but I have seen him tease and worry other dogs, and then scamper away at a great rate. No dog could catch him. Those long and powerful hind legs would send him along at a tremendous pace, although they twisted him around in a strange manner, so that sometimes his tail would seem to have as good a chance of arriving first at his destination as his head. When Captain was engaged in a fight, as he generally was when he had ever so few minutes' liberty in the day-time, Fax would second him, and run around and around the combatants, taking a nip at the enemy's hind legs or tail, whenever he had a chance; I never knew of his being in a regular fight himself.

It was after a series of aggravated misdemeanors that an aunt living with us, who, although loving and gentle to all other living things, never could abide Fax, became convinced that it would be true charity to all concerned to relieve the dog from further temptations and the family from constant and almost insupportable annoyances. So, one summer's day, when Fax was a little over a year old, and tall for his age, she went to a druggist friend, and asked him for a poison which would act as painlessly and speedily as possible, explaining to him why she wanted it. The druggist, who knew the dog, applauded her resolution, and put up the dose. She took it home and carefully filled a herring with the drug. Calling Fax, and showing him the savory fish, she led him to a piece of woods about half a mile from the house, where she gave him the fish, and, with tears in her eyes, hastily turned away and hurried home. Now that the deed was done, she almost repented it. As when a bad man dies,

so die with him many of his faults, leaving his better traits for many of us to remember, so did Fax's playfulness, his waggish look when contemplating some little joke, and his love for children's company, where he certainly did contrive to be considerate, come up before this good lady's eyes as she walked slowly home, and she could not but regret what she had done. But the fact that it was right consoled her, and when she reached the house, and Fax came bounding down from the porch to meet her, wagging himself joyfully, with an expression which seemed to say, "Have you got any more of those spiced herrings?" she grieved no longer, but thought the dog possessed. Either Fax was poison-proof, or the dose had been too large, and so defeated its own purpose. Certain it was that he was entirely unharmed, and also certain that he had commenced devouring the fish as soon as it had been given him.

After this, we let him pursue, for a while, the even tenor of his way, and it was about this period that he took it into his head to amuse himself by singing. He always chose an hour when every one was, or ought to be, sound asleep, and then, with great thoughtfulness, he would go down to a fence about fifty yards from the house, a position in which, if he awoke any one, the annoyance would be distributed, and no one person disturbed more than another. Then he would commence giving vent to the most tin-horn-like and hideous sounds that ever issued from a living throat. Sometimes his strain was wild and plaintive, as if he had his hind leg fast in a gate, and had been left alone to die. Then it was loud and terrible, as though he missed some of his hidden bones and threatened vengeance upon the family. Then he would howl miserably, like a sick steam-whistle, giving one an idea that he expected some one in the house to die to-morrow, and that he did n't care. If any one threw up a window and shouted at him (he always posted himself out of the way of missiles), he would take the call for an *encore*, and commence all over again.

In spite of all this, we could not but like Fax, he was such an absurd dog, and a constant source of amusement. Not a day passed without some odd performance, and if he went out with any of us, he was pretty sure to get into some laughable scrape before he got back. On such occasions, we should have not cared so much if, on being discovered in any disreputable intrusion into house, store, or garden, it had not been his habit to run to us, and jog along demurely behind us, as much as to say, "These are the folks I belong to; if you have any thing to say,

say it to them." And very often people did say it to us.

Summer grew into fall, and one day our mother had occasion to go to a neighboring store, and while making her purchases, was treated gratuitously by the store-keeper to many and varied complaints of Fax. He was growing insupportable. He came into the store and stole things from boxes, tubs, barrels, and even from the counter. "Why," said the man, "I have driven him out almost every day, and yesterday what does he do, not being able to get in, but get up on the cellar door and ram his nose right through a pane of glass in the shop-window, and run off with a bunch of herring. This, ma'am, is more than any body can bear. See there! until the glazier comes, I have had to paste up my front window with brown paper." Both turned to look at the window, and at that moment Fax put his head through the brown paper!

This was too much. The man lifted up his

hands in speechless horror, and my mother, without a word, but with firmly set lips and quick step, left the store. At the door she met a colored man. "Here," said she, "take this quarter, and never let me see that dog again."

Comprehending matters instantly, the negro made a rush at the unconscious Fax, who, with his head on the other side of the brown paper, was probably deciding what he should take, and very soon had a rope, lent by the store-keeper, around his neck. He led off the dog, and we never saw him more.

What became of him, whether he was shipped to foreign parts, or converted into articles of merchandise, or whether his bones whiten at the bottom of the neighboring river, we know not; but as long as any of our family survive, the freaks, if not the virtues, of this dog, will keep his memory green. If we knew that he had died and been buried, we should be glad to place such a stone as this at the head of his grave.



THE LITTLE BROWN SEED.

A FAIRY TALE.

THE wind howled fearfully, and the rain beat against the window of old Jacob, the woodman's, hut; but, heedless of the storm, he sat smoking his pipe comfortably by the fire, while his wife, Katrine, plied her needle beside him.

Suddenly, amid the noise of the tempest, a sharp tapping was heard at the window.

"What can that be, wife?" said Jacob, edging his chair a little nearer hers.

"I should open the window to Beelzebub him-

self, on such a night as this," she answered, raising the sash as she spoke; but only a little bird flew in, drenched and weary. The good woman held him in her hand by the fire until his feathers had become somewhat dry, and then offered him some crumbs of bread to eat; but what was her astonishment when the bird, fixing upon her its bright, black eyes, thus spoke:—

"I see, good dame, that you have a kind heart, and I am going to reveal to you my history, and

implore your aid. I am the Prince Beaux-yeux, who has fallen into the power of a cruel enchanter. He changed me into a bird; and a bird I must remain until I have fulfilled certain conditions, which I shall shortly set about. Meanwhile, I intrust to your care this little brown seed; plant it to-morrow in your garden, and watch it carefully until sunset; then pluck the flower, and, placing it in a vase, leave it in a room by itself till morning, when you will find something more beautiful than you have ever dreamed of in its stead."

As he ceased speaking, he dropped a little brown seed out of his bill into the good woman's hand, and flew out of the window, which she had forgotten to shut.

Early the next morning, Katrine took a little trowel, and selecting the sunniest spot in the garden, dug a hole, and dropped the seed in it, and then sat by it with her knitting, that no harm might happen. By and by she saw a huge, venomous-looking mole stealing along towards the spot; but before he began to burrow with his sharp claws, she dropped a large stone upon his head, and killed him.

And now a little green shoot began to peep above the ground, which grew and grew until it became a tall and slender stem, and on the top bloomed a lovely white flower. Katrine gazed upon it with delight, and longed to pluck it, but, remembering what the bird had said, she forbore, and went on knitting. Suddenly a furious wind arose, and swept over the tender plant. It bent before the storm, lower and lower; another moment, and the stalk would have broken, but Katrine, running to the spot, threw her skirts over her nursling, and saved its life.

Scarcely, however, had she resumed her knitting, when a hailstorm arose, and huge stones came rattling down upon the fragile flower. Quick as lightning Katrine snatched up the empty hogshead upon which she had been sitting, and put it over the plant, so the hailstones did it no harm.

And now a swarm of bees, seemingly attracted by the marvelous perfume that the flower breathed out into the air, came in thick masses, clustering all about it, and it seemed as if they would quite destroy the delicate blossoms, so fiercely did they probe them in every direction for honey; but Katrine, running into the house, returned with her face covered with molasses, and the bees left the flower and attacked her, driving in their fierce stings until she almost screamed with pain. By and by they were appeased, and flew away, and Katrine, heedless of her smarting face, bent

down over the plant to see if it were still uninjured; as she did so, the cool leaves swept against her face, and instantly all the pain was soothed, and her skin became as fresh and blooming as before.

No more dangers assailed the flower, and at sunset Katrine plucked it, and placing it in a vase full of water, shut it up in the best room, and betook herself to bed, for she was wearied out with the events of the day.

Early the next morning, she and Jacob arose and hurried to the room where she had placed the flower. On opening the door, they uttered a cry of wonder, for there sat the most beautiful maiden that ever was seen, clothed all in white, her hair falling about her in a shower of golden curls. As they entered, she raised her dreamy blue eyes, and smiled so sweetly that they fell down on their knees before her; but she begged them to rise, and, kissing them, declared she meant to be a daughter to them.

After breakfast, Snow-drop—for so they called her, on account of the dazzling whiteness of her skin—asked for a spinning-wheel; and taking her seat before the cottage door, prepared to work.

"But the reel is empty," said Katrine.

"No matter," returned Snow-drop; and pulling a hair out of one of her shining curls, she began to spin. By night time she had spun a beautiful gown, all of gold, fit for a queen. Giving it to Katrine, she asked her to keep it, as it would some day be of use, and retired to bed.

While Katrine and Jacob sat around the fire, conversing about the beautiful maiden and her wonderful spinning, they heard a sharp tap at the window. Katrine ran to open it, and the little bird flew in; but this time his feathers were all of silver, and he had a tuft of pearls on his head.

"Heaven will reward you, good Katrine, for your kindness," cried he, fixing upon her his bright black eyes. "Snow-drop is my beloved; I rescued her from the enchanter's power by changing her into the little brown seed, and you saved her many times yesterday from his wiles. She is still in a dream, for I do not want her to remember who she is, lest my misfortunes should cause her distress. Soon I shall come and claim her; but meanwhile my enemy will try to get her into his power. Pluck a silver feather from my tail, and should she be in any danger, blow it into the air." Katrine did as she was bid, and the bird flew away.

Jacob examined the feather, and finding it of pure silver, wished to sell it, declaring that he

could keep Snow-drop from harm without it; but Katrine refused, and placed the feather in her bosom.

The next morning, as Snow-drop sat spinning in the sunshine, a foreign-looking peddler came up to her, with his pack on his back.

"Will you buy, mistress?" said he, displaying his wares.

"No, thank you," answered Snow-drop, shrinking from the evil look of his bold eyes.

"But just look at this chain," he continued, displaying one of heavy gold, and as he spoke, he threw it over her neck and began to pull her towards the river that was close at hand. At Snow-drop's scream, Katrine came running out, and instantly pulling the feather from her bosom, blew it into the air. The chain parted with a loud snap, and the peddler tumbled heels over head into the river and was seen no more. Katrine then dried Snow-drop's tears, and she returned to her spinning, and by night had finished a golden mantle, fit for a queen. She gave it to Katrine, asking her to keep it, as it would some day be of use, and retired to bed.

That night, while Katrine and Jacob sat around the fire, conversing, they heard a sharp tapping at the window. Katrine ran to open it, and the little bird flew in, but this time his feathers were all of gold, and he had a tuft of diamonds on his head.

"Heaven will reward you for your kindness, good Katrine," said he; "pluck a golden feather from my tail, and should she be in any danger, blow it into the air."

Katrine did as she was bid, and the bird flew away. The next day, Jacob came home from the forest, and told Snow-drop there was to be a great feast up at the castle.

"I met the steward riding on his black mare," said he, "and he asked me if I had not a pretty maiden at home who would like to see the show, so I invited him to come and fetch you, and here he is."

Sure enough, the steward came riding up on his tall black horse, and made Snow-drop a low bow. "Give me your hand, pretty maiden," said he, "and I will place you in front of me, for we must ride fast if we wish to reach the castle in time for the feast."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and was just about to snatch Snow-drop up before him, when Katrine, who had come running to the door at the sound of the horse's feet, blew the golden feather into the air. The horse forthwith bound-

ed off, and plunging snorting into the woods, neither he nor his rider were ever seen more.

When night time came, Snow-drop had spun a pair of golden shoes and a crown, fit for a queen, giving them to Katrine. She asked her to keep them, as they would some day be of use, and retired to bed.

While Katrine and Jacob sat round the fire, conversing, they heard a sharp tapping at the window. Katrine ran to open it, and the little bird flew in; but this time his feathers were all of diamonds, and he had a tuft of beryls on his head. "Heaven will reward you for your kindness, good Katrine," cried he; "pluck a diamond feather from my tail, and, should she be in any danger, blow it into the air."

Katrine did as she was bid, and the bird flew away. The next day, Snow-drop said she did not feel like spinning, but sat in the sun, combing her golden hair, which rippled all about her like a shining veil.

Suddenly, a pearl coach, drawn by four milk-white horses, rattled up to the door, and out of the window leaned a lady, who would have been very beautiful, but for her spiteful eyes that gleamed with ugly temper.

"Pretty one with the golden curls," cried she, "my son has fallen in love with you, and I have come to fetch you away to marry him."

"Dear madam," answered Snow-drop, weeping with terror, "I cannot go with you."

"Say you so," cried the lady, in a terrible voice; and leaning forward, she was just about to clutch Snow-drop by her golden curls, when Katrine, who had spied her from an upper window, blew the diamond feather into the air.

The earth yawned asunder with a loud noise, and swallowed up the lady and her equipage, and in their place stood a handsome prince. Taking the trembling Snow-drop by the hand, he kissed her rosy lips, and straightway she remembered who she was and recognized him as her betrothed. Then Katrine brought forth from the house the golden robe and mantle, the shoes and the crown, and, putting them upon her, she looked like a queen indeed. The prince now blew upon a horn that hung about his neck, and a retinue of lords and ladies came riding up to the cottage, and with them golden coaches suitable for the prince and his bride. He made Katrine and her husband get into one, and he seated himself with Snow-drop in the other, and so, with the sound of bugles and drums, they rode away to his lawful dominions.



BESSIE'S WALK.

BARE are the trees, though the sky so blue
 Is smiling the naked branches through,
 As brave little Bessie trips through the wood,
 Like a bright new copy of "Riding Hood;"
 With her scarlet cloak, and winey gown,
 And the trim red leggings well fastened down;
 With pretty brown hat, and apron white,
 And hair in the sunshine goldeny bright,
 Blown about by the wintry breeze,
 As she makes her path 'neath the rustling
 trees,
 Through the beautiful, glittering, crackling snow,
 Glad, and yet half afraid to go;
 While one little robin from tree to tree
 Is hopping, and singing so merrily.

Her two hands are full, for this Christmas Day
 She goes, by a long and lonesome way,
 With a pitcher of broth and Christmas cake
 (Nice as only her mother can make)
 To poor old Peter, the Miller grim,
 Has any one else had a thought of him?
 For he was ne'er known to do a kind deed, —
 Miserly Peter, alone with his greed;
 Never had he a kind word to spare:
 To speak to him once, scarcely Bessie would
 dare;
 "Ugly old Peter" the name he bore,
 And the neighbors had shunned him more and
 more.
 But now he lies with a broken limb,

No one to help or comfort him,
And she must go o'er a lonesome way,
Though she thinks of Red Riding Hood's "gaunt
wolf gray."

But the one wee Robin sings merrily,
"Brave little Bessie, I'll go with thee."

Blithe little Robin, he hopped along,
Loudly chirping his Christmas song;
First he came to the Miller's door,
Not a footprint there in the snow before.
He perched on the sill, and sang such cheer,
Poor old Peter stopped moaning to hear;
Then came Bess, with her timid rap,
Almost he thought 't was a wingle's flap;
"Lift the latch and come in," said he,—
"Lift the latch, whatever ye be!"
In came the little maid into the room,
Like sunshine itself to lighten the gloom;
And the cross old Miller, so grim for years,
Smiled till his eyes ran over with tears,

While the Robin outside chanted merrily,
"Merciful children shall blessed be!"

Then no more was the child afraid;
The broth she warmed, and the bed she made.
She read to him, too, from the Holy Book,
And he followed each word with penitent look,
Till she thought, "How truly my 'gaunt wolf
gray'

Is more like a lamb, this Christmas day!"
And as she goes home, the sky so blue
Seems with heaven's gladness bursting through;
Though the winter wind 'mid the branches roar,
She is warm and gay to her young heart's core.
While with crumbs from her basket scattered
along,

She repays Robin Red for his beautiful song;
And he trills, and chirps, and carols with glee,
"Hop along merrily, trip along cheerily,
Sweet little Bess: who so happy as we?"

ONE CHIMNEY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

PETER ONION was uneasy. That was nothing new, to be sure, for he always was uneasy. But this time it was something serious.

"I'll tell you what it is, Patience. We can't buy us any thing of a farm, or expect to be any body *here*, where all our folks are so much better off than we are. And we need n't look for help in giving us a start from father, as long as he can hold on to his money himself. So, if you are of my mind, we will pick up our traps and go where we can get as large a farm as we want, with our four hundred dollars, and have some left," said he, once and again; at morning, at noon, and in the night time.

Continual dropping wears away a stone; and Patience Onion was of her husband's mind at last, if she was n't at first. So one day they set out on the long and tedious journey over lake and through bog and forest, to the far off wilds of Michigan: and, after perils and discomforts innumerable, they came presently to the spot Peter had selected two years before, where land, if no better, was certainly a great deal cheaper than in the Genesee Valley.

They left the boat at the old French town on the river, where light wagons were "stalled" on

the principal street; where the people drank swamp water, and had ague and cholera; and where the governor, at that day, lived in a log-house, and the governor's wife dressed up in calico; and then they went fifty miles into the forest, guided by blazed trees, Peter on foot, and Patience on horseback, with her little girl in her arms. On the whole, that was not a very pleasant part of the journey, for an Indian might be skulking behind any tree, or a hungry panther might be crouching among the branches. However, they were neither devoured nor scalped, but arrived at last at the hospitable door of their nearest neighbor-to-be, only two miles from the oak opening that marked their new home.

It was already late autumn, and Patience Onion was not a woman to sit down idly by her neighbor's fire; so, in a very few days, she began a rude sort of housekeeping in a rough log-hut, with one room, a floor of boards hewn with an axe from tree trunks, and no fire-place.

But before even this was done, Peter was as homesick as a school-girl.

"Come, Patience! I'll go back to York State if you will. I can stand it, if they do laugh at us. Why, land o' pity! The woods are full of

bears and wolves, as well as deer and Indians; and with our *united ability*, I don't make sure we can more than get a living, and we could do that *there*, among folks. Come, Patience, I'll go if you will! It makes me sick to my stomach just to see every thing growing up so rank and coarse," said he, looking as melancholy as November.

"Back to York State!" repeated Patience, with contempt. "Not I! I burnt the bridges behind me when I made up my mind to come; and you ought to stand it if I can,—because you had been out to look beforehand, and knew just what we were coming to; bears, and wolves, and chills, and all. But you was stewing to come, and kept dinging till I consented. Now I am here, and you will have to go back without me if you go. Now that is *so*."

And it was so,—therefore Peter stayed; but he felt blue enough, and he looked yellow enough; the real "Michigan yellow."

But before the first long, harsh winter was half over, Mrs. Onion found, although she could do without her friends, she could not do without a chimney; for every time she cooked a meal, her eyes filled so with smoke that she could not hold up her head for half an hour.

"I must have a *chimley*; I shall spoil my eyes entirely," said she.

"We can't build a *chimley* in the dead of winter with no brick or stone ready, and no mortar," said Peter, dolefully.

"We *must*," answered Mrs. Peter. "I saw a slab *chimley* on a housen when I rode over to Batavia once, and we can make one like it, that will do enough sight better than none."

"We *can't*," croaked Peter.

"We *must*," repeated Patience.

What *must* be, always *can* be; and the next morning Mrs. Onion went through the woods to her nearest neighbor, two miles off. As it happened, the neighbor, Mr. Vance (he came to be judge and senator, and every thing, afterward), had himself seen such a chimney, so he believed in it.

"To be sure we can build one. You just have some pieces of slab split out as thin and smooth as possible, and I'll be over in the morning," said he.

Then Mrs. Onion went home, strong of heart and hand. There was no trouble in finding a tree to hew the slabs from. "But we can't make any mortar," growled Mr. Onion, hacking away at a tough red-oak.

"I will see to that," answered Patience, cheerfully.

Although in the heart of the winter, the ground was nearly bare of snow, and not frozen deeply here, deep in the forest. Therefore Mrs. Onion, scraping off the covering of fallen leaves, easily dug a quantity of dirt, and heaping it up in one corner of her house, wet it up, and named it *mortar*.

The next day was very cold, but she put her little girl between her two feather-beds with some playthings, and after a very early breakfast, when she also cooked their dinner, she carried the burning brands out-of-doors, and began to build a chimney, with the help of her husband and Mr. Vance. They laid layer upon layer of slabs, set up edgewise, something in the manner of a child's block house, plastering it thickly on both sides with mud, and by bed-time it was done. It dried, and drew beautifully, and lasted for more than a year.

"I think, Peter, we must make a hearth. It is such a step from the floor down to the fireplace, that I have to stoop too much when I am about my cooking," said Patience.

"Oh! we *can't* make a hearth, it is so much work," groaned poor homesick Peter.

"The work will be no harder for you than for me," replied Patience, "and I feel like I must have a hearth!"

When she had said that little, it was as much as though Peter had talked a week, so young Priscilla was tucked away between the feather-beds upon another day; the mortar was mixed in one corner as before, and spread and smoothed off with a flat stick instead of a trowel, until the space under the new chimney was even with the floor. And after being hardened by fire, the hearth became so solid and smooth, that thrifty Mrs. Onion could wash it off as though it had been marble.

Peter Onion did not get over his homesickness after he had a hearth of his own. He longed and pined so much for the East for several years, that he was made really sick in body as well as in mind. But Mrs. Onion would not go back; and so, after a while they built a framed house near the log one, and there they are to this very day.

When he could live no longer, Father Onion died, and left his fortune to his children.

"It did n't help us any thing like a small part of it would have done, when we first begun in the world; but money comes *good* any time," quoth Mrs. Peter Onion.

THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK.

LITTLE children, ye are builders, one and all,
 And, building through your long sunny day,
 Mind ye hark to the Master-builder's call,
 "On this rock you can sure foundation lay."
 Up and down as ye run with flying feet,
 Thatch, and lintel, and tiling in your hands,
 Still the Master, following fondly, doth entreat,
 "Oh, beware that ye build not on the sands."
 Then build while your morning shineth fair:
 On the "rock" lay the corner-stone of love;
 And bring ye the cedar posts of prayer,
 So your house shall securely rise above;
 And set the snowy marbles of fair peace
 On the threshold, and the hearth-stones among;
 And if weary, from your building you should
 cease,
 Let the melody of trust be sweetly sung.
 "Nay, build ye not the door broad and wide;
 Would ye enter into life, build it strait,"
 Saith the Master, standing kindly by your side:
 Heed him, ere to rebuild it be too late.
 Let the low arch of meekness pierce the wall,

Span the portal and the casements; and for
 panes
 Set purity; that so God's light shall fall
 Clear and strong while your sunny day re-
 mains.
 So righteousness shall overlap your roof;
 You will laugh at the early or late rain;
 Then bravely lay your tiles to make it proof,
 And rejoice that ye labor not in vain.
 And, so ye have a closet where to kneel,
 That your treasure-room be scant needs no sigh,
 For the Master looketh well to your weal,
 And buildeth you a treasure-room on high.
 Then fence ye your mansion close about,
 That the ravening wolf come prowling not
 within;
 Plant the fig, and the thistly weed root out,
 And the fruit of your vineyard gather in.
 So, children, when the winds blow and beat,
 And the floods surge with hoarse eddying shock,
 Slips the house from the sand's shifting feet,
 While *your* house standeth fast on the rock.

PATCHWORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHEN the clock strikes twelve, midnight, on the thirty-first day of December, if one could be moving everywhere, he would often find himself amongst people kneeling in prayer, — praying the old year out and the new year in. It is a good custom, if it is more than a custom, and we thought of it just now, as we handed to the printer the little verses that just precede these lines. Our "Riverside" year ends now, and we who have enjoyed it, month by month, feel just a little sober, as we get ready for the new year. Here are the twelve numbers, all printed. Every thing that is good in them, and that has helped us is there firmly, read in thousands of families, and treasured up in many minds; and if any thing wrong has crept in, there it is — who can destroy it?

Well, at any rate we can begin the new year with fresh good will, and looking back no further than this month, perhaps we can find one or two pleasant things to remember about the old year. Here, to begin with, is Mr. La Farge's picture of the "Wise Men out of the East" following the star that is to lead them to where the young child lay. See! the fresh wind is blowing on the little knoll, stirring the horses' manes, and cooling the faces of the Wise Men. They have stopped, and let the caravan go on a little, while they take a new observation of the star. Perhaps it is the morning after the Shepherds have heard the song of the Angels. Nowadays even

humble watchmen in city streets may see sights that show them the light of the world.

Then Robby Trulyn has got safely home after all his wanderings, and August and Elvie, let us hope, found a prosperous voyage round Cape Cod, and into New York harbor. If they do not learn a good deal about navigation, we have no faith in Mr. Abbott.

The Sportsman who made his debut hunting otters in English meadows, had an adventurous life afterward in the wilds of South Africa. In the next number he will tell of Quagga hunting there, and if you want to know what a Quagga is, or what Quaggas are, keep the question in mind for three or four weeks, and you will get an answer.

You have had "A Year among the Indians," told by one in a comfortable arm-chair, after it was all over; be ready in January to begin another year among them; for the author of "Ainslee," who has been living in the far Northwest, will tell wonderful tales of life there.

So now farewell to the old year. Wake up, young ones, on New Year's morning in the "Riverside," and find Hans Christian Andersen all ready with a new story, written for the American children who read the "Riverside." What a pity that there are any who do not! Hunt them up, and tell them what is good for them.

Answer to the Riddle in November Number. — Box.

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